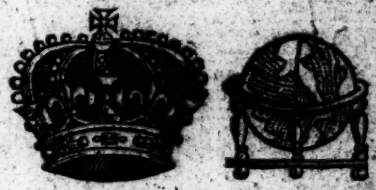
DIVINE FANCIES,

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS, and OBSERVATIONS.

By FRAN. QUARLES.



The fifth Edition, Corrected.

LONDON,
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Ralph Good

TO THE

ROYAL BUD

Of MAJESTY, and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happiness,

CHARLES,

PRINCE of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Son and Heir apparent to the High and Mighty *CHARLES*, by the Grace of God, King of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

Illustrious Infant,

GIve me leave to acknowledge my self thy Servant, ere thou knowest thy self my Prince: My Zeal burns me, and my

deſires *are impatient: My breeding-*
Muſe *longs for* green fruit, *and cannot*
ſtay thy ripeneſs: Sweet Babe; *The*
Loyalty of my Service makes bold to con-
ſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred
Infancy, *not knowing how to glorifie*
themſelves more, than by the Patronage of
ſuch Princely Innocency. *Model of*
Sweetneſs; Let thy buſie Fingers en-
tertain this ſlender Preſent, and let thy
harmleſs Smiles crown it: When thy
Infancy hath crackt the Shel, *let thy*
Childhood taſte the Kernel; *In the mean*
while, let thy little hands, and eyes per-
uſe it: Lug it in thy tender Arms,
and lay thy burthen at thy Royal
Parents *feet, for whoſe ſake it may*

gain

gain ſome honour from their glorious Eyes. Heaven bleſs thy youth with Grace, and crown thine Age with Glory: Angels conduct thee from the Cradle to the Crown: Let the Engliſh Roſe, and the French Lily flouriſh in thy lovely Cheek: And let their united colours preſage an everlaſting League. Let the Eminent Qualities of both thy renowned Grand-Fathers meet in thy Princely Heart, that thou mayeſt in Peace be Honourable; and in Warr Victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royal Parents Virtues make thee up a moſt incomparable Prince, the firm Pillar of our happineſs,

pineſs, and the future Object *of th*
World's wonder.

Expected and prayed for

by Your Highneſſe's

Moſt Loyal *and*

humble Servant,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

and truly Vertuous Lady, *MARY* Countess of *Dorset*, Governess to that Royal Infant, *CHARLES*, Prince of Great *Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*; the Mirrour of unstained Honour.

Most excellent Lady,

YOu are that *Starr* which stands over the Place where the *Babe* lies; By whose directions light, I am come from the *East*, to present my *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, to the

young

young Child : Let not our Roya
JOSEPH, nor his Princely MARY
be afraid ; there are no *Herods* here
We have all ſeen his *Star* in the
Eaſt, and have rejoyced : Our loya
hearts are full ; for our eyes have
ſeen him, in whom our Poſterity
ſhall be bleſſed : To him, *moſt Ho*
norable Lady, I addreſs my thoughts
To *Him*, I preſume to conſecrate
theſe Lines ; which, ſince it hath
pleaſed our gracious Soveraign to
appoint You the *Governeſs* of his
Royal *Infancy*, I have made bold to
preſent firſt, to your noble Hands ;
not daring in my very thoughts, to
diſ-joyn, whom his Sacred *Ma-*
jeſty, in ſo great Wiſdome hath put
together ; or conſider ſeverally
where

where his *Highneſs* hath made ſo inviolable a Relation. *Madam*, May your Honours increaſe with your hours, and let eternal Glory crown you *Virtues*; that when this *Age* ſhall ſleep in Duſt, our *Children*, yet unborn, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happineſs of His Government, whoſe *Governeſs* you are; which ſhall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is

The ſworn Servant of your

Ladiſhips Perfections,

FRA. QUARLES.

Chas abt 12 in 1639

To the Readers.

Readers, I will not (like One that knows the ſtrength of his own Muſe) *commit* Rape *upon your* Underſtandings, *nor rail at your* Ignorances, *if our wits jump not: I have written at my own peril; underſtand you at your own pleaſures: I have not ſo little* Man *in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much* Fool *in me, as to think it; nor ſo little* Modeſty, *as to ſwear it; nor ſo much* Child *in me, as to whine at* Zoilus: *My requeſt is, That the faultleſs hand may caſt the firſt* Stone; *So although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man,* Errour,

I may eſcape the puniſhment of the Common man, Cenſure.

I here preſent thee with a Hive of Bees: *laden ſome with* Wax, *and ſome with* Honey: *Fear not to approach; There are no* Waſps, *there are no* Hornets *here: If ſome wanton* Bee *ſhould chance to buzz about thine ears, ſtand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There's none will ſting thee, if thou ſtrike not firſt: If any do ſhe hath* Honey *in her* Bag, *and will cure thee too. In plainer terms, I preſent thee with a Book of* Fancies: *Among which, as have none to boaſt of; ſo (I hope) I ſhall have none to bluſh at. All cannot affect all. If ſome pleaſe all, or all ſome, 'tis more then I expect. I had once thought to have melted the* Title, *and caſt it into ſeveral Books, and have lodg'd* Obſervations, Meditations, *and* Epigrams *by themſelves; but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herald, either to place, or to proclaim them.* Cards *well ſhuffled, are moſt fit for* Gameſters; *And oftentimes the paſtime of* Diſcovery, *adds pleaſure*

to the Enjoyment: *The Generous* Faulkner *had rather retrive his* Partridge *in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Dish. Onely this: When you read a* Meditation, *let me entreat thee, to forget an* Epigram.

Farewell.

AD
LECTORES
Utriusque Generis.

Candide, *si mala sint nostra inter carmina, parce;*
Et bona si quæ sint, Zoile, *parco tibi.*

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TO GOD.

Glorious, and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, *and made them* Walls *on either side;*
That didst appear in Cloven Tongues *of* Fire:
Divide my thoughts; and with thy Self inspire
My soul; O cleave my Tongue, *and make it scatter*
Various Expressions *in a various* Matter:
Than like the painfull Bee, *I may derive*
From sundry Flowrs *to store my slender* Hive;
Yet may my thoughts, *not so divided be,*
But they may mix again, and fix in Thee.

DIVINE FANCIES

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS and OBSERVATIONS.

The First Book.

I. *On the Musick of Organs.*

OBserve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes;
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unseen *Bellows*; nor the hand that playes
Upon the apparant note-dividing *Kayes*,
That makes the well-composed *Airs* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear:
They both concurr: Each acts his several part:
One gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.

Man is this Organ: to whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction*:)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath the *Universe* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the Key's and act:
He blows the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

II. *On the contingency of Actions.*

I Saw him dead; I saw his body fall
Before deaths *dart*, whom tears must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th' untrodden way
To life been found: he might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin:
What mine (ers) past, heaven's eyes foresaw to come;
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should sum
The total of his dayes: his knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatal hour; yet saw his death,
Not so, so Necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that*:
All times to heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

III. *On the Sacraments.*

THe *Loaves* of *Bread* were five, the *Fishes* two,
Whereof the multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fishes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*?

Ev'n ſo theſe Sacraments which ſome call ſeven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two by *Heaven*.

IV. *On the Infancy of our Saviour.*

HAyl bleſſed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Bleſt above all that ſprang from humane race,
Whoſe Heav'n-ſaluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*
A bleſſed *Saviour*, and a bleſſed *Son*:
O! what a raviſhment 't had been to ſee
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To ſee him nuzzel in thy *Virgin*-Breaſt;
His Milk-white body all unclad, undreſt!
To ſee thy buſie fingers cloathe and wrap
His ſpradling limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To ſee his deſp'rate *Eyes*, with childiſh grace,
Smiling upon his ſmiling mother's face!
And when his forward ſtrength began to bloom,
To ſee him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would think, ſo ſweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be ſlain by a falſe-hearted *Kiſs*!
Had I a *Rag*, if ſure thy body wore it,
Pardon ſweet *Babe*, I think I ſhould adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boon (a Boon far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

V. *On* Judas Iſcariot.

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet do it *day by day*.

VI. *On the life and death of Man.* Allegory

THe world's a *Theater*; the Earth a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midſt; whereon both *Princes* and *Pages*,

Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wiſeman*, *baſe* and *high*,
All act their *Parts* in Life's ſhort *Tragedie*:
Our Life's a Tragedy: thoſe ſecret *Rooms*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *Wombs*:
The *Muſick* uſh'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To ſee a *Man child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gaſp of *Breath* which firſt we vent,
Is a dumb-ſhew, preſents the *Argument*:
Our *new-born cries*, that new-born *griefs* bewray;
Is the ſad *Prologue* of th' enſuing *Play*:
Falſe *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joyes*, and fierce *diſtracts*,
Are like the *Muſick* that divides the *Acts*:
Time holds the *glaſs*, and when the hour's run,
Death ſtrikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

VII. *On the ſeven liberal Sciences of a Chriſtian.*

1. *Grammar.*

IT is an *Art*, that reaches not t' excell
In writing, ſpeaking, as in *doing well*.

2. *Logick.*

IT is an *Art*, ſometimes of plotting *treaſon*
Againſt the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reaſon*.

3. *Rhetorick.*

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learns t' increaſe
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace*.

4. *Arithmetick.*

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raiſe,
And number out Gods *Bleſſings*, and his *Dayes*.

Ma

5. *Musick.*

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes
Strong *Prison*-doors; and heavs them from their *hindges*.

6. *Astronomy.*

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head*.

7. *Geometry.*

IT is an *Art* instructs him how to have
The world in scorn, and measure out his Grave:

VIII. *Christs four Houses.*

HIs first house was the blessed Virgins *Womb*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth, a *Tomb*.

IX. *Of Light and Heat.*

MArk but the Sun-beams; when they shine most bright,
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the self-same Mother,
Twins; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,
When in their proper places, understood:
Is't not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
Light helps to quicken: or, the beams of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:

The *Heat*, cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder.
Diſtinguiſh now, fond man; or ſtay and wonder.
Know then;
Their vertues differ, though themſelves agree,
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives man power to ſee
The thing ſo vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*:
And where the *heat*'s but ſmall, the *light*'s not great.
They are inſeparable and ſworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* diſcovers:
Within theſe lines a ſacred Myſt'ry lurks:
The *heat* reſembles *Faith*; the *light*, *Good works*.

X. *On* Judas Iſcariot.

SOme curſe that Traitor *Judas*, life and limb;
God knows, ſome curſe themſelves in curſing him.

XI. *On the poſſeſſion of the Swine.*

WHen as our bleſſed *Saviour* did un-devil
The man poſſeſt, the Spirits, in concluſion,
Entered the *Swine* (being active ſtill in evil)
And drove them headlong to their own confuſion.
Drunkards beware, and be adviſed then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*, *if not* as *Men*.

XII. *On a Sun-Dial.*

THis Horizontal *Dial* can bewray
To the ſad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviſer,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne'er the wiſer:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But onely *Types*, and ſhadow'd *Figures* there,

This Dial is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *we*, the lookers on:
Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better;
Then if our eyes had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* shines alwayes bright:
I, but we often stand in our own light.
Use then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darkness*; there will be no Sun.

XIII. *On the three Christian Graces.*

Faith. 1.

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope. 2.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blameless
In long delay: And men (in begging) shameless.

Charity. 3.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By selling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

XIV. *On a Feast.*

THE *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth has made a *Feast*,
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Guest;
The *Word*'s the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers Writings are the *Diet-Books*;
But seldome us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own:

What they ſhould *boyl*, they *bake*; what *roſt*, they *broil*:
Their luſhious *Sallats* are too ſweet with *oyle*:
In brief, 'tis now a dayes too great a fault,
T' have too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

XV. *On* Dives.

THat drop-requeſting *Dives* did deſire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whoſe flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wiſh well
To man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each ſoul that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell ſo much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did deſire,
His brother might have warning of that Fire.

XVI. *On outward ſhew.*

JUdge not that *Field*, becauſe 'tis Stubble;
Nor him thats poor, and full of trouble:
Though th' one look bare, the t'other thin,
Judge not; their *Treaſure* is within.

XVII. *On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climb no *ſtile*, when as a *gap* ſtands fair.

XVIII. *On the life of Man.* Allegory

OUr Life's the *Model* of a Winter's day;
Our Soul's the *Sun*, whoſe faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light, a *light* but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
But low, at higheſt; very ſhort, at longeſt:

The childiſh tears that from our eys, do paſs
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning graſs:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to learn; are *Whipt*, and cry:
We truant up and down; we make a ſpoil
Of precious time, and ſport in our own toil:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*, vvherein we lay
Our weary Bodies tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the morning Bell:
Calls to account: where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and ſuch as have miſ-pent
Their time ſhall reap an earned puniſhment.
No wonder then to ſee the *Sluggard's* eyes,
So loath to go to Bed, ſo loath to riſe.

XIX. *On the Crowing of a Cock.*

THe Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft fore-ſhow
A change of Weather; *Peter* found it ſo:
The *Cock* no ſooner crew, but by and by
He found a change of *weather* in his eye.
'Tis an eaſie thing to ſay, and to ſwear too,
Wee'l die for Chriſt; but 'tis as hard to do.

XX. *On Mammon.*

M*Ammon's* grown rich: does *Mammon boaſt of that?*
The ſtalled *Ox*, as well may boaſt Hee's fat.

XXI. *On Church-contemners.*

THoſe *Church-Contemners*, that can eaſily waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whoſe teſty ſtomacks can digeſt as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a Sermon-Bell;

That

That ſay unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As quezie Patients take their loathed *Pills*;
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Judgment ſhould but give them Heav'n?

XXII. *On* Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *ſwill*:
No *Roman*; for his ſtomack's fleſhly ſtill;
He cannot be a *Jew*; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a *Gentile*, he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no true man; for he lies a-trot:
Prophane he is not; for he ſwears ye not:
What is he then? One Feaſt without a *Bill*,
Shall make him all; or, which of all ye will.

XXIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

NO mans condition is ſo baſe as his,
None more accurſ'd than *he*: for *Man* eſteems
Him hateful, 'cauſe he ſeems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cauſe he is not what he ſeems.
What grief is abſent, or what miſchief can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*!

XXIV. *On a Pilgrim.*

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far he's come; how far he has to go;
His Way is tedious, and his Way oppreſt,
And his deſire is to be at his *Reſt*.
Our life's a *Warfare*; yet fond Man delays
T' enquire out the number of his *Days*;
He cares not, He, how ſlow his howers ſpend;
His Journ'ys better then his Journies end.

XXV.

XXV. *On the Needle of a Compass Sun-Dial.*

Behold this Needle, when the *Artick* ſtone
Hath touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be poſſeſt
Of peace, until it find that point, that reſt:
Such is the *heart* of man: which when it hath
Attain'd the virtue of a lively faith,
It finds no reſt on earth, makes no abode,
In any object, but his *Heaven*, his *God*.

XXVI. *On affliction.*

When thou afflict's me, Lord, if I repine
I ſhow my ſelf to be my own, not thine.

XXVII. *On a Sun-Dial.*

Go, light a *Candle*: By that light make tryal,
How the night ſpends it ſelf, by the *Sun-Dial*:
Go, ſearch the *Scripture*, Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledg of thy *Peace*,
By thy own light, derived from thy mother:
Thou mayſt as eas'ly do the one, as t'other.

XXVIII. *On* PETER.

When walking *Peter* was about to ſink
Into the Sea, In what a caſe, d' ye think,
H'ad been, if he had truſted his complaint
To th' interceſſion of ſome helpful *Saint*?
Believe it, if *Romes* doctrine had been ſound
And ſoundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

XXIX. *On*

XXIX. *On Merits.*

Fie! *Rome's* abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit Heav'n by *works*? 'tis a meer fable.
If so: stout *Rome* had never been so faint
To move her suite by a collateral *Saint*.

XXX. *On* Servio.

Servio serves God; *Servio* has bare relation,
Not to Gods *glory*, but his own *salvation*:
Servio serves God for life; *Servio*, 'tis well:
Servio may find the cooler place in Hell.

XXXI. *A Soliloquie.*

WHere shall I find my God? O where, O where,
Shall I direct my steps to find him there?
Shall I make search in swelling bags of *Coin*?
Ah no; for *God* and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Do beds of *Down* contain this heavenly Stranger?
No, no, He's rather cradled in some *Manger*:
Dwels he in wisdom? Is he gone that road?
No, no, Mans Wisdome's foolishness with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their King, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no, the Kingdoms of the earth think scorn
T'adorn his Brows with any *Crown* but *Thorn*.
Where shall I trace, or, where shall I go wind him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot find him:
I'le ransack the dark *Dungeons*, I'le enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the sev'nth fire:
I'le seek in *Daniels* Den, and in *Paul's* Prison;
I'le search his *grave*, and see if he be risen;

I'le

I'le go to th' houſe of *mourning*; and I'le call
At every alms abuſed *Hoſpital*:
I'le go and ask the *Widdow* that's oppreſt?
The heavy laden that inquireth reſt.
I'le ſearch the corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoul* that *ſmarts*.
The *Contrite Spirit* fill'd with filial fear;
I, there he is, and no where elſe but there:
Spare not to ſcourge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may find thy *preſence* with thy *Rod*.

XXXII. *On* Daniel *in the Den.*

Fierce *Lions* roaring for their prey! and then
Daniel thrown in! and *Daniel* yet remain
Alive! There was a *Lion*, in the *Den*,
Was *Daniel's* friend, or *Daniel* had been ſlain.
Among ten thouſand *Lions*, I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniel's Lion* there.

XXXIII. *On thoſe that deſerve it.*

O When our Clergy, at the dreadful *Day*,
Shall make their audit; when the *judge* ſhall ſay
Give your accounts: what, have my lambs been fed?
Say, do they all ſtand ſound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepheards bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an anſwer will be given by ſome!
We have been ſilenc'd. Canons ſtruck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unleſs we play'd the fools and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unleſs we'd yield to ſign
And croſs their *Brows*, they ſay, *a mark of thine*,
To ſay the truth, great Judg, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but Lord, they be all dead.

Ah

Ah cruel Shepherds! Could your conſcience ſerve
Not to be fools, and yet to let them ſtarve?
What if your Fiery ſpirit had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been *crown'd*
With *Peacocks* plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear bought Flock in a fools *weed*:
He that was ſcorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curſe*
Of a baſe death, in your behalfs; nay worſe,
Swallow'd the cup of Wrath, charg'd up to th' *brim*;
Durſt you not ſtoop to play the fools for him;

XXXIV. *Do this and live.*

Do this and live? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Do*?
Art thou not able? is thy task too great?
Canſt thou deſire help? Canſt thou intreat
Aid from a ſtronger Arm? Canſt thou conceive
Thy *Helper* ſtrong enough? Canſt thou believe
The ſufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping ſhoulders reſt? *Do this and live.*

XXXV. *On* Joſeph *and his Miſtreſs.*

WHen as the *Ægyptian Lady* did invite
Well favour'd *Joſeph* to unchaſt delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beaſtly *place*, and 'twas a beaſtly *Deed*:
A place well ſeaſon'd for ſo foul a ſin;
Too ſweet to ſerve ſo ſoul a maſter in.

XXXVI. *On* Scriptum eſt.

Some words excel in virtue, and diſcover
A rare concluſion, thrice repeated over;

Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th' aſſaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum eſt.*
If thou wouldſt keep thy ſoul ſecure from harm,
Thou know'ſt the words: It is a potent *Charm.*

XXXVII. *On the flouriſhing of the Goſpel.*

How do our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo fair, ſo full of fleſh!
How do our thriving *Cattel* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *fleſh* the ſtrong.
Heavens bleſs our *Charles*, as he did our late *James*,
From *Pharoh's* troubles, and from *Pharoh's Dreams.*

XXXVIII. *On Joſeph's Speech to his Brethren.*

GO fetch your *Brother* (ſath th' *Ægyptian* Lord)
If you intend our Garners ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoh's* life y' are *Spies:*
Ev'n as your ſuits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *Him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty and poſſeſs the Land,
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths, Do this and live.
If not, your wilful wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely die:
Great God, the *Ægyptian* Lord reſembles *Thee*,
The Brother's *Jeſus*, and the Suiters *We.*

XXXIX.

XXXIX. *Of common Devotion.*

OUr *God* and *Souldiers*, we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

XL. *On the day of Judgment.*

O When shall that time come, when the loud *Trump*
Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dump
Of their sad *Urn*! that blessed *Day* where-in
My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd, Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new-refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groans
And pains, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones!*
When as my body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my Soul shall, by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my body and my soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate agin,
About that strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come*!
When death shall be exil'd. and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chains,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting pains;
While I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetual *Anthems* to my *Judge*, my *King*.

XLI *On death.*

WHy ſhould we not as well deſire *Death*,
As Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath?
'Tis all but *Reſt*; 'tis all but a Releaſing?
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleaſing?
Being burthen'd with the ſorrows of the *Day*,
We wiſh for night; which being come, we lay
Our body down: yet, when our very Breath
Is irkſome to us, w' are affraid of *Death*.
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Diſtracting Dreams, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's ſure
From all ſuch evils, and we ſleep ſecure.
What matter, *Doun*, or *Earth*? what boots it whether?
Alas, our body 's ſenſible of neither.
Things that are ſenſeleſs feel nor pains nor eaſe;
Tell me; and why not *Worms* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*; we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death*, w' are ſure to riſe:
I, but 'tis long firſt: O, is that our fears?
Dare we truſt God for *Nights*? and not for *Years*?

XLII. *On the Body of Man.*

MAns body 's like a *Houſe*: His greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; and the leſſer Ones,
Are ſmaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths*, dawbd o'r,
Plaſter'd with *fleſh* and *blood*: his mouth's the *Door*:
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: and his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of cutious Art;
His *Midriff* is a large partition-*Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and and the ſpacious *Hall*:
His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but half ſod, for want of *Heat*:

His Spleen's a *Veſsel*, Nature doth allot,
To take the *skum* that riſes from the Pot.
His Lungs are like the *Bellows* that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire.
His Noſe, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the *Bellows* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sink*, whoſe part 's to drain
All noiſome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His eyes like Cryſtal *Windows*, clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *ſight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weak, 'tis apt to ſtand or fall,
Yet is the likelieſt building ſometimes known,
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd *Blaſts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire; Sometimes it waſts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put caſe, the *ſtuff*
Were ruin-proof, by nature ſtrong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Ne're know an end: Alas, our *Leaſes* would.
What haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* and *blood*, to boaſt?
Thy dayes are ev'il at beſt, but few at moſt;
But ſad, at merrieſt; and but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

XLIII. *On the young man in the Goſpel.*

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed-Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoul had found the ſweet fruition
Of his own choiſe deſires without petition:
But he muſt *Sell* and *Follow*, or elſe not
Obtain his Heaven; O now, his Heav'n too hot!

He cannot ſtay, he has no buſineſs there:
Hee'l rather miſs, than buy his Heav'n too dear:
When Broth's too hot for haſty Hounds, how they
Will lick their ſcalded lips and ſneak away!

XLIV. *On Mans goodneſs, and Gods love.*

GOd loves not man, becauſe that man is *good*;
For man is ſinful, becauſe fleſh and blood:
We argue falſe: it rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cauſe God thinks good to love us;
He that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the pains to gather his own *Rod*:
Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhall draw 's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *Syllogiſm* of his own confuſion.

XLV. *On mans Plea.*

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans plea to God, is, that he did obtain
A former Suit, and therfore ſues again.
How good a God we ſerve; that when we ſue
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

XLVI. *On* Furio.

Furio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curſe himſelf in the *Lords Prayer*.

XLVII. *On* Martha *and* Mary.

MArtha with joy, receiv'd her bleſſed Lord,
Her Lord ſhe welcomes, feaſts, and entertains:
Mary ſat ſilent, hears, but ſpeaks no word,
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no pains:

Mary's to hear; to feast him, *Martha*'s care is:
Now which is greater *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

2.

Martha is full of trouble to prepare,
Martha respects his good beyond her own;
Mary sits still at ease, and takes no care,
Mary desires to please her self alone,
The pleasure's *Maries*, *Martha*'s all the care is,
Now which is greater, *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

3.

'Tis true, our blessed Lord was *Martha*'s Guest,
Mary was His, and in his feast delighted,
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountiful Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

4.

Marie's was spiritual, *Martha*'s love was carnal;
Th' one kist his hand, the other but the Glove;
As far as mortal is beneath eternal,
So far is *Martha*'s less then *Mary*'s love.
How blest is he, great God whose heart remembers
Mary's to thee, and *Martha*'s to thy Members!

XLVIII. *On our blessed Saviour.*

WE often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldom that he *slept*:
Ah, sure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weep*,
For us that sin, so oft, in *mirth* and *sleep*.

XLIX. *On Sins.*

SIns, in respect of Man, all mortal be;
All venial, *Jesu*, in respect of *Thee*.

L. O

L. *On Mans behaviour to God.*

WE uſe our God, as Us'rers do their bands;
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *hands*.
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Ways* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Mony's paid, the profit's taken,
Our *bands* are cancel'd, and our God's forſaken.

LI. *On Mans cruelty.*

AND dar'ſt thou venture ſtill to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* ſufficient? muſt he bleed
Yet more? O, muſt our ſinful pleaſures feed
Upon his *Torments*, and augment the ſtory
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of *Glory!*
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorſe
In humane breaſts? is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne're to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides vvith us: 'Tis thou alone,
Haſt it ſweet *Jeſu* for us, that have none
For thee: thou haſt foreſtall'd our *Markets* ſo,
That all's *Above*, and vve have none *Below*:
Nay, bleſſed Lord, vve have not vvherewithall
To ſerve our ſhiftleſs ſelves, unleſs we call
To thee, that art our *Saviour*, and haſt power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
W' are cruel (Lord) to thee, and our ſelves too;
JESU *forgive 's; we know not what we do.*

LII. *Mans progreſs.*

THE Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that grows
I' th' midſt of *Paradiſe*, her *Fruit* that ſhows

So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the eyes,
Is worldly Pleasure in a fair disguize:
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is fair and good;*
Apt to make wise, and a delicious food;
It hath a secret virtue wherewithall
To make you Gods; and not to die at all.
Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another:
His guilty *Conscience* opes his eyes; he sees,
he sees his empty nakedness, and flees;
He stitches slender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poor Arguments, t' excuse his sin, his shame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Days,
The voyce calls, *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conscience* bids him run: the voyce pursues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, e're he knows the news:
Adam must quit the Garden lest he strive
To taste the saving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man must go; but whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

LIII. *On the two great Flouds.*

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noah's*; *Lot*, the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul sin, against the sacred Laws
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Ark* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drown'd:
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none;
W' are safer in Gods hands, then in our own:
The former floud of *Waters*, did extend
But some few days; this latter has no end.
They both destroyed, I know not which the worst,
The *last*, is ev'n as gen'ral, as the *first*:

The

The firſt being ceas'd, the World began to fill;
The laſt depopulates, and waſtes it ſtill:
Both *Flouds* ore-whelm'd, both Man and Beaſt together
The laſt is worſt, if there be beſt of either:
The firſt are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
When ſhall we ſee a Rain-bow after Wine?

LIV. *On* Fuca.

Fuca, thou quot'ſt the Scriptures on thy ſide,
And mak'ſt *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou ſay'ſt that ſhe wore *Ear-rings*: Did ſhe ſo?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'ſt, like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can ſtoop to what *Rebecca* did beſide.

LV. *On* Abraham's *Servant.*

THis faithful *Servant* will not feed, until
He do his truſt-repoſing Maſter's will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

LVI. *On* Alexander.

NO marvel, thou great *Monarch* didſt complain
And weep there were no other worlds to gain,
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiſs,
H' as grief enough, that finds no world but this.

LVII. *On Raſh Judgment.*

JUdge not too faſt: this *tree* that does appear
So barren, may be fruitful the next year:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear, thy own are *Crabs*, they be ſo ſour:

Thy Judgment oft may tread beſide the text,
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

LVIII. *On* Jacobs *Purchaſe.*

HOw poor was *Jacob*'s motion, and how ſtrange
His offer! how unequal was th' exchange!
A meſs of *Pottage* for inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t' enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him bread and drink to boot:
An eaſie price! the caſe is ev'n our own;
For toys we often ſell our *Heav'n*, our *Crown*.

LIX. *On* Eſau.

WHat haſt thou done? Nay, what ſhall *Eſau* do?
Loſt both his *Birth-right* and his *Bleſſing* too!
What hath poor *Eſau* left, but empty tears,
And plaints that cannot reach the old mans ears?
What with the Fathers *Diet* and thine own,
Thy *Birth right*'s alien'd, and thy *Bleſſing*'s gone:
How does one miſchief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious ſtomack but have ſtay'd,
And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
Thou hadſt not need have wept and pleaded ſo,
But kept thy *Birth-right* and thy *Bleſſing* too.
Had thy unproſperous, thy unluky hand
Diſpatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy ſorrows had not made ſo great a heap;
That had not been ſo dear, nor this ſo cheap:
Had thine giv'n place but to thy Fathers will;
Th' adſt thy *Birth-right*, and thy *Bleſſing* ſtill.

LX. *On*

LX. *On the absence of a Blessing.*

THe blessing gone, what do's there now remain?
Esau's offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

LXI. *On the younger Brother.*

I know, the *Elder* and the *Younger* too,
Are both alike to God; nor one, nor other
Can plead their years: but yet we often do
Observe, the blessing's on the *younger Brother*;
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despair to know.

LXII. *On* Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W' are sure the *fourth* part of the world was good.
O, what a dearth of goodness did there grow,
When the *fourth* part was murder'd at a blow!

LXIII. *On the righteous Man.*

PRomise is debt: And debt implies a *paiment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* and *raiment*?

LXIV. *On Faith, Love, and Charity.*

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity* whose nature doth confound
And mix the former two, moves ever round.
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the fire
Of sprightly *Faith*, shall kindle, and aspire:

O, then, my circling *Charity* ſhall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

LXV. *On* Jacob's *Pillow*. Allegory

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raiſed Pillow *Stones*,
Whereon poor *Jacob* reſts his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the ſhades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*;
Poor ſtate for *Iſaac*'s heir! It ſeems to me,
His Cattel found as ſoft a *Bed* as he:
Yet God appeared there, his *Joy*, his *Crown*;
God is not always ſeen in Beds of Doun:
O, if that God, ſhall pleaſe to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I reſt my bones, my head;
With thee, my wants can never prove extream,
With *Jacobs Pillow*, give me *Jacobs Dream*.

LXVI. *On Faith*.

Faith does acknowledge *gifts*, although we have not;
It keeps unſeen thoſe ſins Confeſſion hid not;
It makes us to enjoy the goods we have not,
It counts as done, thoſe pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freel'y accepts, it hides:
What Grace is abſent, where true *Faith* abides?

LXVII. *On* Zacheus.

ME thinks, I ſee, with what a buſie haſte,
Zacheus climb'd the *Tree*: But, O how faſt,
How full of ſpeed, canſt thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd down agen!
He nee'r made tryal, if the boughs were ſound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:

There

There was no danger fear'd: at such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven,
Nor could he fall, unless he fell to *Heaven*.
Down came *Zacheus* ravisht from the tree,
Bird that was shot ne're dropt so quick as he.

LXVIII. *On the Thief and Slanderer.*

THe *Thief* and *Sland'rer* are almost the same,
T'one steals my *goods*, the other my *good name*,
T'one lives in scorn, the other dies in shame.

LXIX. *On* Abrahams *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to cease,
To beat the price of lustful *Sodoms* peace!
Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
Gods *Justice*; brings his *Mercy* down by steps:
He dares not bid so few as *ten* at first;
Nor yet from *fifty* righteous persons, durst
His zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wisht salvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has pow'r to clear,
A World of sin, that one shall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: what wonder then,
To see thee fall, from *fifty* down to *ten*!

LXX. *On Mans goodness.*

THy hand, great God, created all things good,
But man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
Against his own *Creation*, and did stain,
Nay lost that goodness which the Beasts retain;
What hap has man, poor Man, above the rest,
That hath less goodness left him then a *Beast*!

LXXI.

LXXI. *On* Zacheus.

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'twas the happiest *Tree*
That ever mortal climb'd, I mean, to *Thee*:
Thy pains in going up, receiv'd the Crown
Of all thy labour, at thy coming down:
Thy Stature's lowness gave thee fair occasion
To mount that *Tree*, that *Tree*, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *He*,
Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

LXXII. *On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.*

THe *Roman* worships God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a false *God*; th' *Atheist* none at all.

LXXIII. *On Babels Building.*

GReat God, no sooner born, but we begin
Babels accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds*, are ever yielding
The sad *Materials* of our sinful Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Rise, and rise up, until it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,
Confound our *Language* and our *Building* too.

LXXIV. *On the Thief and the Lyer.*

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation,
Their difference is but only in their *Fashion*:
They both deceive; but diversely proceed:
The first deceives, by *Word*; the last, by *Deed*.

LXXV. *On the* Egyptians *Famine.*

MArk but the course the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coin*, when all their *corn* is done
They come to *Joseph*, and their stomacks plead:
They change their *beasts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*;
Yet still they want: Observe now what they do;
They give their *Lands*, and yield their *Bodies* too;
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now they shall
Have *seed* to sow their barren soil withal;
Provided that the fifth of their increase
Be *Pharoh's*: Now their stomacks are at peace.
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word shall strike
Our hungry *Souls*: our Souls must do the like.
We first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beasts, our Bestial *Affections*;
When they are gone, what then must sinners do?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
We shall have seed to sow, and present *Bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increase,
We shall have plenty, and our souls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd *good God* that *Man* should live,
How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

LXXVI. *On* Zacheus.

WEll climb'd *Zacheus*. 'twas a step well giv'n:
From hence to th' *Tree*, and from the *Tree* to heav'n

LXXVII. *On the Plough-man.*

I Hear the whistling *Plough-man* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearful song:

His

His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*: his diet, coarſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldom ſlacks his thirſt, but from the *Pump*;
And yet his heart is blithe, his viſage, plump;
His thoughts are ne're acquainted with ſuch things,
As *Griefs* or *Fears*: he only ſweats and ſings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a qualm, if not refreſht with *Wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his days, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buſineſs* or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*,
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold ſums of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but no *Health*:
The one, in pains, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T' other, in plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſily known;
T' one's at *Gods* finding; t'other at his own.

LXXVIII. *On a happy Kingdom.*

THat Kingdom, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moſes* and his *Aaron* meet, and kiſs.

LXXIX. *On Gods appearance to* Moſes.

GOd firſt appear'd to *Moſes*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*:
The third time, he was known to *Moſes* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majeſty*.
Thrice God appears to man: Firſt, wallowing in
His foul pollution, and baſe *Myre* of ſin;

And like to *Pharoah's* daughter does bemone
Our helpless state, and draws us for his own:
The next time he appears in *fire*, whose bright
And gentle flames, consume not, but give light;
It is the fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, because 'tis *holy ground*,
The last appearance, shall be in that *Mount*,
Where ev'ry Soul shall render an Account
Of *good* or *evil*, where all things transitory
Shall cease; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

LXXX. *On Gods Law.*

Thy sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod*:
If we but keep it in our hand
It will do Wonders in the Land;
If we sleight and throw it to the ground,
Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound
A *Wound* that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor salve, until the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou should'st *with-hold it*,
Nor would I *have it*, and not hold it:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod*.

LXXXI. *On* Pharoah's *Bricks.*

OUr God's not like to *Pharah*; to require
His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for fire:
His workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lasht
For not performance: we have *straw unchasht*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
Against our Burthens, and return no *Brick*:
We spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable,
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;

Think

Think not on *Israel's* sufferings, in that day
When thy offended Justice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Think *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; *Thou*, a *God*.

LXXXII. *On the unsatiableness of Mans heart.*

THis *Globe* of earth has not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it desires more still:
By him that seeks, the Cause is easily found,
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full but never, to the brim,
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

LXXXIII. *On* Pharoh's *hard-heartedness.*

PLagues after *Plagues*! And yet not *Pharoh* yield
T'enlarge poor *Israel*! VVas thy *heart* so steel'd
Rebellious *Tyrant*, that it dare withstand
The oft repeated *Judgment* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies Oyle*, or *Judgments thunder*
Dissolve, nor break thy flinty heart in sunder?
No, no, VVhat *Sun-beams* soften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are a sleep to pardon.

LXXXIV. *On the change of* Pharoh's *fortune.*

OBserve what *peace* great *Pharoh's* kingdom found
While *Joseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* crown
His happy days! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
VVas then a stranger to his *peaceful Land*:
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royal *Throne*,
His land had plenty, when the world had none;
His full desires over-flow'd their Brim,
Favours came down, unask'd, unsought by him:

His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknown,
No need to trouble any of his own.
While *Joſeph* liv'd, his *bleſsings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'ſt he was *Joſephs* Friend;
Theſe temporal bleſsings heaven doth often ſhare
Unto the wicked, at the good mans prayer.
But *Joſeph* dies; And *Joſephs* Sons muſt fall
Beneath their burthens, and be ſcourg'd withal;
Whilſt *Tyrant Pharoh's* more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Priſoners* in his Land;
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into diſtreſs, to wean them from the World.
But *Pharoh's* bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *Serpent* now;
His land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtill increaſe,
Till *Jacob's* Off-ſpring, ſhall find *Jacob's* peace;
Gods Children are the apples of his eye,
Whoſe touch is death, if being toucht they cry.
Now *Tyrant Pharoh* dares no longer chuſe,
Iſrael muſt go: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh* ere long, I fear,
Will find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too dear:
Moſes holds forth his *Rod*, the *Seas* divide,
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either ſide:
They paſs ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill:
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill;
The chariot *Wheels* fly off, the *Harneſs* cracks;
One wants a *Nail*, the next a *Hammer* lacks;
How man is croſs'd and puzz'ld in that plot,
Where Heaven denies ſucceſs, and proſpers not!
Moſes holds forth his *Rod*; the *Eaſtern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*, the parted *Waters* joyn'd
And overwhelm'd great *Pharoh* and *Pharoh's Hoſt*;
None ſcap'd to tell the news; all drown'd and loſt;
Thus thrives Rebellion; *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft times conclude their *Ceremony* in bloud,

Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And heav'n cuts off, when Earth is moſt ſecure.

LXXXV. *On the Firſt-born.*

THe *Firſt-born* of th' *Ægyptians* all were ſlain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *Firſt-born* in *Iſrael* be
Accepted, Lord, and ſanctified to thee:
Thy looks are always turn'd upon the prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleaſed eye is fixt upon the *Firſt*;
And from the *womb* w'are thine, or elſe accurſt.

LXXXVI. *On Baptized Infants.*

I Dare not judge thoſe judgements ill-advis'd,
That hold ſuch *Infants* ſav'd as die baptiz'd:
What hinders life? *Original* hath bin
New waſh'd away; there's yet no *Actual ſin*.
Death is the effect of *ſin*. The cauſe being gon,
What ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of *Iſrael*'s ſons 'tis found,
Moſes was ſav'd; I read that none was drownd.

LXXXVII. *On the grumbling* Iſraelites.

NO ſooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So ſoon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty; *Ægypt* can do thus;
No thanks to ſerve our God, when God ſerves us:
Some ſullen Currs, *when they perceive a* Bone,
Will wag their tails, and faune; but ſnarle if none.

LXXXVI

LXXXVIII. *On Mans Rebellion.*

O How perverſe is *Fleſh* and *Bloud*! in whom
Rebellion bloſſomes from the very womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to do!
And things forbid, how ſoon perſwaded to!
We never read rebellious *Iſrael* did
Bow to ſtrange Gods; till *Iſrael* was forbid.

LXXXIX. *On* Iſrael.

HAd *Iſrael*, in her want, been truly humbled,
Iſrael had pray'd, and *groan'd* to heav'n, not *grumbled*,
But *Iſr'el* wanted food: *Iſr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Iſr'el* being faint:
Iſr'el geets food: Now *Iſr'el* is ſo full,
That her Devotion and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in ſeaſon? When's the time,
To do thee ſervice? When's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis always either not full ripe, or waſting:
We cannot ſerve our God, nor *Full* nor *Faſting*.

XC. *On the ſinners Refuge.*

HE that ſhall ſhed, with a preſumptious hand,
The bloud of *Man*, muſt by thy juſt command
Be put to death; the *Murtherer* muſt die:
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flie.
Great God, our hands have ſlain a *Man*, nay further,
They have committed a preſumptious murther
Upon a guiltleſs *Man*; Nay, what is worſe,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curſe
Of a reproachful death; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:

Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy only *Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*; O! by the Law we die.
Is there no refuge, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from death? Ah, none at all?
What shall poor Mortals do? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flie to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good works? I, there were help indeed!
Is there no *City* for a soul to flie
And save it self? Must we resolve to die?
O infinite! O, not to be expresst
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred benefit of so blest a *Wonder!*
The very bloud our sinful hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* do plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives.
He whom we murther'd, is become our *Guardian*;
Hee's Man to suffer, and hee's God to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; here, our refuge-City,
Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pity*;
Go then, my soul, and pass the common bounds
Of *Passion*; Go, and kneel before his *Wounds*;
Go touch them with thy lips, thou need'st not fear
They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there:
But if they do, that very bloud thou spilt,
Believe't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

XCI. *On the deposing of Princes.*

I Know not by what virtue *Rome* deposes
A Christian *Prince*: did *Aaron* command *Moses*?
If sacred Scriptures mention such a thing:
Sure *Rome* has colour to depose a *King*.

XCII. *On* Peter's *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; he shuts the doors of Hell;
The *Keyes* are his, in what a ease were they,
Should *Peters* Successors mistake the *Key*?

XCIII. *On Offerings.*

ARe all such *Offerings* as are crush'd, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar*? may they not be us'd?
And must all *broken things* be set apart?
No Lord: thou wilt accept a *Broken-heart*.

XCIV. *On Usurers.*

OF all men, *Us'rers* are not least accurst;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' afflicted worst:
In others grief they'r most delighted in;
Whilest *Givers* suffer for the *Taker's* sin.
O how unjust a *trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th' *idle* fat!

XCV. *On Repentance.*

CAnst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*,
From the well-feasted *Worms*, or put on fresh?
Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the dead?
Or quit thy carkass from her *sheet* of *Lead*?

Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed eyes?
Unlock thy Marble monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortal, when thou please,
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th' art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *sin*.

XCVI. *On Wine and Water.*

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
This cleanseth (if not grossly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*, but scours not within:
That chears the heart, and makes the courage bold,
Quickens and warms dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

XCVII. *On* Balaam's *Asse.*

THe *Asse* that for her slowness was forbid
To be imployed in Gods service, did
Perform good service now in being slow.
The *Asse* received stripes, but would not go:
She balk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her;
The *Asse* had far more wisdom then the *Rider*:
The *Message* being bad, the *Asse* was loth
To be the bearer: 'twas a happy sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: had his *Asse* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Asse*! And was thy faithful service pay'd
With oft-repeated strokes? Had'st thou obey'd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travel with his blood,
Such is mans payment, often bad for good:
The *Asse* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster;

Nay

Nay; ſhows him *Myſt'ries* far beyond his reach;
Sure God wants Prophets, when dull Aſſes preach:
The *Aſſe* perceives the *Angel*, and falls down;
When *Balaam* ſees him not, or ſees unknown:
Nor is't a wonder this: Gods *Spirit* did paſs
From blindfold *Balaam* into *Balaam's Aſſe*.

XCIX. *On ſome raw Divines.*

SOme raw *Divines*, no ſooner are eſpous'd
To their firſt *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But ſtraight the *Peace* is broke: they now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battails* in:
Schoolmen muſt war with *Schoolmen*, *text* with *text*;
The firſt's the *Chaldee's Paraphraſe*; the next
The *Septuagint's*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papiſt* holds the firſt; the laſt th' *Arminian*;
And then the Councils muſt be call'd t' advice,
What this of *Lateran* ſays, what that of *Nice*;
And here the point muſt be anew diſputed,
Arius is falſe; and *Bellarmin's* confuted:
Thus with the ſharp *Artill'ry* of their Wit;
They ſhoot at *random*, careleſs where they hit:
The ſlightly-ſtudied *Fathers* muſt be prayd
Although on ſmall acquaintance, in to aid,
Whoſe glorious *Varniſh* muſt impoſe a gloſs
Upon their *Paint*, whoſe gold muſt gild their *droſs*.
Now *Martin Luther* muſt be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boys *Theam*;
Free-will's diſputed, *Conſubſtantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predeſtination*,
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into't,
They *Pharoh*-like, are drown'd both *Horſe* and *Foot*:
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
New-married men to ſit beneath their *Vines*,

And chear their *Wives*: they must not venture out
To *Warr*, until the Year be run about.

XCIX. *On buying of the Bible.*

'Tis but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *pen'worth* cost.
Until thy Death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good cheap, or no,
And at that day, believe't, it will appear,
If not extremely *cheap*, extremely *dear*.

C. *On the buying of the New-Testament.*

Reader, if thou wilt prove no more
Then what I term thee, ev'n before
Thou ask the price, turn back thine eye,
If otherwise, unclasp, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'st
Is the dear blood of *Jesus Christ*,
Which *price* is over-dear to none,
That dares protest it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise,
Thy mony will buy, in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion*:
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

CI. To my Book. *Allegory*

MY *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sailes,
Let slip thy Anchor; *the* winds *failes*:
And Sea-men oft in Calms *do fear*
That foul, and boistrous weather's near;

If a robustious Storm *should rise,*
And bluster from Censorious Eyes,
Although the swelling Waves be rough
And proud, thy Harbor's *safe enough:*
Rest, rest a while, till ebbing tides
Shall make thee stanch, *and* breme *thy sides;*
When winds *shall serve, hoist up thy* saile,
And fly before a prosp'rous gale;
That all the Coasters *may resort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.

The end of the first *Book.*

DIVINE FANCIES

The Second Book.

I. *To Almighty* God.

LORD, Thou requir'ſt the firſt of all our *Time*,
The firſt of all our *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*: And, *Lord*, good reaſon, we,
When thou giv'ſt all, ſhould give the *firſt* to thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Ely*'s Children, whom thy Vengeance ſlue:
We pinch thy *Offering* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thruſt our three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hook* in thy *Pot*;
That onely, what the *Fleſh-hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord, we are ſtill deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *Leaving*:
Our Sluttiſh *Bolls* are cream'd with Soil and Filth;
Our Wheat is full of *Chaff*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Bloud* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad!
Here's nothing *good*, unleſs thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

II. *On Gods Dyet.*

DEar Lord, when we approach thy ſacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'ſt require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beaſt that dyes, the *Hearts*,
Th' incloſed *Fat*, and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senſes*, and our *Memories* muſt be,
All ſet apart, and ſanctifi'd to thee,
The ſtrength of our *Deſires*; the beſt perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choiſe affections
Of our refined *Hearts*, muſt all conjoyn
To ſeek thy *Glory*, they muſt all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord: Of all the reſt,
Thou doſt affect the *Head*, and *Purtenance* beſt.

III. *On* Moſes *Birth, and Death.*

WE read, no ſooner new-born *Moſes* crept
Into his vail of *Tears*, but th' Infant wept;
But being warned of his *Death*, his *Laſt*,
We find it ſtory'd that he ſung as faſt:
Theſe ſev'ral Paſſions found their Reaſon, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye:
To whom this tranſitory life ſhall bring
Juſt cauſe to *weep*, their Death gives cauſe to *ſing*.

IV. *On* Jeptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Jeptha!* could thy zeal allow
No other way, then by a raſh-made *Vow*,
T' expreſs thy *Thanks*? a *Vow*, whoſe undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin, more odious than the making:
'Twas cruel *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Bloud; but thou

Unlucky

Unlucky *Virgin!* was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortal *Brow*, and *thee*?
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin*? to what end
Had'ſt thou ſuch needleſs haſte? thou cam'ſt to lend
Thy filial *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*;
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Jeptha*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when raſhneſs was the cauſe of it?
O canſt thou not diſpenſe with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptious *Sin*?
Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruel rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruel *Father*.

V. *On* Jeſus, *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appear,
And brought the news, her barren *womb* ſhould bear:
Did not another *Angel*? if not he,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-ſaluted *Womb*, brought forth a *Son*.
To thee, ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace, and Heaven,
A *Child* was born; to us, a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampſon*, born to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and born to eaſe us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Jeſus*.
Sampſon eſpous'd, and took in marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Jeſus* took a wife that bow'd the knee
And worſhipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as ſhee:
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met and had to do
With a fierce *Lion*, foyl'd, and ſlue him too:
Our conquering *Jeſus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arm encountred *Death*, and overcame:

Vioc.

Victorious *Sampſon* ſtept aſide, and drew
Pure honey from the carkaſs that he ſlew;
When our triumphing *Jeſus* ſought, and found
A greater *ſweetneſs* in his *Lions* wound.
Uxorious *Sampſon* pleaſes to divide
His purchas'd honey to his faireſt *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampſon* ſingular in this?
Did not our *Jeſus* do the like to his?
Sampſon propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myſt'ry in his faithleſs Bride;
Our bleſſed *Jeſus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for man, his Bride unſought, t' undoe;
The *Bride* forſakes her *Sampſon*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falſly weds another;
And did not the adult'rous *Jews* foregoe
Their firſt Love, *Jeſus*, and forſake him too?
Diſpleaſed *Sampſon* had the choice to wed
The *younger Siſter* in the *Elders* ſtead;
Diſpleaſed *Jeſus* hath eſpouſ'd the *Younger*;
God ſend her fairer; and affections ſtronger.
Sampſon ſent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corn, and made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Jeſus* ſhews as able ſigns
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have deſtroy'd their *Vines*;
Our *Sampſons* love to *Dalilah* was ſuch,
That for her ſake poor *Sampſon* ſuffered much;
Our *Jeſus* had his *Dalilah*; For her
His ſoul became ſo great a Sufferer:
Sampſon was ſubject to their *ſcorn* and *ſhame*;
And was not *Jeſus*, even the very ſame?
Sampſon, betrayed to the *Philiſtians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Jeſus the firſt and ſecond day, could be
The *graves* cloſe pris'ner: but, the third was free.
In this they differ'd: *Jeſus*'s dying breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; But *Sampſon*'s call'd for *Death*:

Faith

Father forgive them, did our *Jesus* cry;
But *Sampson*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*:
Since then, *sweet Saviour*, 'Tis thy death must ease us,
We fly from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Jesus*.

VI. *On* Ely's *double Censure.*

WHen barren *Hannah*, prostrate on the floor,
In heat of *zeal* and passion, did implore
Redress from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault:
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *check* austere;
Where mildness should be us'd, we are oft severe:
But when his lustful Sons, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded, rather then rebuk'd the wrong:
He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Child*;
Where we should be severe, w' are oft too mild.
Unequal *Ely*! was thy *sentence* just,
To censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust*?
Could thy parental mildness but have past
The former by, as easly as the last;
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found increase
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace;
Passions misplac'd are dangerous: Let all
Remember *Ely's Faults*, with *Ely's Fall.*

VII. *On the refining of Gold.*

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadult'rate pureness of his *gold*?
He weighs it first, and after does infold

In

In *Lead*, and then commits it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* consumes, the *gold* draws nigher
To his perfection, without waste or loss
Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross:
The great *Refiner* of mans baser *Heart*,
Uses the like, nay, shews the self-same *Art*;
He weighs it first, and finding it too full
Of *Trash*, and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull
And leaden cross, of *punishment*, or *sin*;
Then, tries it in afflictions *Fire*: wherein
The *lead* and *dross* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus, though mans heart be lessen'd by the *Cross*,
And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Dross*.

VIII. *On* Dagon *and the Ark.*

WHat news with *Dagon*? Is thy shrine so hot;
Thou canst not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
The falling sickness, that his *godship*'s found
In such a posture, prostrate on the ground?
Poor helpless *god*! but stay! Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams: nor stand, not rise alone?
A *god*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!
He must have help, or lie: *A proper god!*
Well, *Dagon* must require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands
As confident, as though his place had bin
His own, in *Fee*: down *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon*'s shrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
Lost *Hands*, and *Head*, and nothing left but *stump*:
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late
He's either sick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to so great a *God*: hath none
Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown

Some

Some nauſeous fume into his ſacred *Noſe*,
And made his *godſhip* dizzy? or who knows,
Perchance h'as taken Pet, and will reſign
His ſullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
No wonder, a *falſe god* ſhould ſtoop, and lye
Upon the floor, whenas a *true God's* by:
It was unlikely *Dagon* ſhould forbear
Reſpite of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *god* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorn to fall
Before his *Betters*; whoſe indifferent arm,
If it could do no good, could do no harm:
I'de rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *gods*, to ſuch a *god* as he,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick*; *The fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the Stork, then Log:
And to conclude, I'de chooſe him, *Dagon* like;
Not having *Head*, to plot: nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

IX. *On* Saul *and* David.

SUre *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of ſuch a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keep,
The one his Father's *Aſſes*, t'other *Sheep*:
Saul muſt forſake his *Whip*; and *David* flings
His *Crook* aſide; and they muſt both be *Kings*.
Saul had no *ſword*, and *David* then no *ſpear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there:
There was no *ſweat*, there was no *bloud* to ſhed:
The unſought Crown beſought the *wearers* head,
There was no *ſtratagem*, No Oppoſition,
No taking parts, No jealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*, there needs no *Sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

X. *On* David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that ſo boaſts
And threats our *Iſrael*, and defies her *Hoſts*:
Thoſe ſmoother *ſtones* couragious *David* took
From the ſoft boſome of the ſilver brook,
Are *Scriptum eſt*: the *Sling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; that makes them fly, and fly aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids ſling*, and then I know,
I ſhall have *Davids ſtrength*, and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick ſuch *ſtones* as theſe,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he pleaſe.

XI. *On* Saul's *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *Anſwer* down from *heaven*
How quickly was his jealous *paſſion* driv'n
A deſp'rate Courſe! he needs muſt cure the *Itch*
Of his extreme deſires, by a *Witch*:
When we have loſt our way to God, *how level,*
How eaſie to be found's the way toth' Divel.

XII. *On the neceſſity of Gods preſence.*

WHen thou wert preſent with thy *ſtrengthning grace*
Saul propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didſt withdraw thy *face*,
Murther was in his thought.
Thus as thou giv'ſt, or tak'ſt away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *ſtand*.

XIII. Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre *lies the faireſt* Flower *that ſtood*
In Iſr'els Garden; *now, in* Bloud:

which Death to make her Garland *gay,*
Hath cropt, against her Triumph-day:
Here, here, lies he whose Actions spend,
The perfect Copy *of a Friend:*
whose milk-white Vellam *did incur*
No least suspicion of a Blur:
Here lies the example of a Brother,
Not to be follow'd by another:
The fair-indented Counter-part
Of Davids *joy, of* Davids heart.
Rest then, for ever rest alone,
Thy Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
Till Death *hath pickt out such another:*
Here lies a Flower, *a* Friend, *a* Brother.

XIV. *On Gods Word.*

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lamp* of Day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures:
It never falls in vain; it *wounds*, or *cures*:
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax*, and *Honey* too.

XV. *On Man.*

BY Nature, Lord, men worse then nothing be;
And less then *Nothing*, if compar'd with *thee*:
If less and worse than *Nothing*, tell me than,
Where is that *Something* thou so boasts, proud *Man*?

XVI. *On* Ahaz *Dyal.*

MAns *Heart's* like *Ahaz Dyal*: if it flees
Not forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

XVII. *On Luſt.*

LUſt is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes
From the baſe *Earth*, that plays her wanton prizes
In ſolitary parts, and ever haunts
Dark places, whoſe deceitful flame inchaunts
The wandering ſteps of the diverted *ſtranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided fear to danger:
She never leaves, till by her fair deluſion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confuſion*.

XVIII. *On* Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe muſt be lov'd; then courted; and what more?
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the door:
Amnon muſt be diſcover'd, muſt obtain
Licenſe to feaſt, and then be drunk, then ſlain:
O what repoſe is had in ſinful *Breath*;
Whoſe *love* in *hate*, whoſe mirth concludes in *death*!

XIX. *On Love and Luſt.*

THey'r wild, that take baſe luſt for love's *half-brother*
Yielding two *Fathers*, but the ſelf-ſame *Mother*:
Luſt, is a Monſter that's conceiv'd and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*, maintain'd and fed
With *ſenſual thoughts*, of nature rude, uncivil:
Of life robuſtious, and whoſe *Sire*'s the Devil:
But *Love*'s the Child of th' uncorrupted *Will*,
Nouriſh'd with *Virtue*, poys'ned with the *ſwill*
Of baſe reſpects; of nature, ſweet and mild:
In manners gentle, eaſly known whoſe *child*;
For, by the likeneſs ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-ſpring of a heavenly *Father*:

This, suffers all things; *That*, can suffer nothing:
This, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
Th' one, loves the *Darkness* most; th' other, *Light*:
The last 's the Child of *Day*, the first of *Night*.
The one is meek, *the other* full of fire:
This, never laggs,; *that*, ever apt to tire:
Th' one's rash and furious, *T' other* mild and sage;
That dies with youth, whilst *this* survives with age:
The one's couragious, *T' other* full of fears;
That seeks, *the other* baulks both eyes and ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miss not;
In all respect, *th' one* is, what *th' other* is not:
So far from *Brothers*, that they seem disjoyn'd;
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kind*.
Admit a falshood, that they had one *Mother*;
The best that *Lust* can claim, 's a *Bastard-Brother*.
Great God, must thou be conscious of that *Name*,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptial *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-born *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy just *Jealousies*, great God, be grounded
On Mans disloyalty, not man confounded?

XX. *On a Tinder-Box.*

MY Soul is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devil strikes a *spark* at ev'ry blow:
My heart's the *flint*, the *steel* temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never miss:
His *Hand* is ever sure, my *Tinder* apt to catch;
Soon sets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

XXI. *On* Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd,
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Design*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best:
In all exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficial as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and bless
All such like *Counsels*, with the like success:
Confound *Achitophel*, and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

XXII. *On Sin.*

Unhappy Man! *Whose every breath*
Is Sin; *whose every sin is* Death.

SIN, first Original: then our actual *sin*?
Our *sins* that sally forth: our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilful *sins*: and world of *sins*, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*: our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins*? *Sins* never reckon'd:
'Gainst the first Table, *sins*: *Sins* done against the second:
Our pleading *sins*: our *sins* without a cause:
Our Gospel *sins*: rebellious *sins* against thy laws:
Our *sins* against our vows: fresh *sins* again:
Sin of infirmity: and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *SIN*.

XXIII. *On the Sun and Stars.*

OUr dying Saviour 's like the setting *Sun*:
His Saints, on earth, are like the *stars of night*;

Experien

Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*:
Till *Sun-set*, we discern no Stars at all:
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

XXIV. *On* Absolon *and* Sampson.

Sampson's defect, and thy excess of *hair*,
Gave him his death, oth' ground; thee, thine ith' air:
His thoughts were too depress't, thine soar'd too high.
As mortals live, so oftentimes they die.

XXV. *On Gods favour.*

GOds favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: to some they express
Themselves more radiant, and to others less:
To some they rise more early, and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all:
Some soyl's more gross, and breathing more impure
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The dark'ned *Medium* of the moister air;
Whilst other Soils, more perfect, yield more rare
And purer *Fumes*, whereby those *Beams* appear,
To some, less glorious; and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, always bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night;
The *Sun* shines always strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the air;
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my boggy soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul;
Thy Son hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*:
Rise, and shine always clear, but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *fall*:

That being ſet, poor I (my fleſh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

XXVI. *On a ſpiritual Fever.*

MY Soul hath had a *Fever* a long while;
O! I can neither reliſh, nor digeſt;
My nimble *Pulſes* beat, my *veins* do boil;
I cannot cloſe mine eyes, I cannot reſt.
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Vein!
That, that would lay my *Heat*, and eaſe my *Pain*;
No, no, It is thy *Bloud*, and not mine own;
Thy *Bloud* muſt cure me, *Jeſus*, or elſe none.

XXVII. *On* David's *choice.*

FAmine, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*! Which is leaſt,
When all are great? which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of mercy yet to give
A choice of death to ſuch as muſt not live;
But, was the choice ſo hard? It ſeems to me,
There was a worſe, and better of the three,
Though all extreme; Me thinks, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; the *bread* of forein Lands,
Might patch their lives, and make ſome ſlender ſhift,
To ſave awhile with neceſſary thrift:
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſs extream
Then that, Alas! poor *Iſrael* could not dream
Of too much *peace* that had ſo oft diviſion
Among themſelves, and forrain oppoſition:
Beſides, their King was *Martial*; his acts *glorious*,
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*:
Me thinks, a Conquerour, a *Man o'th' Sword*
Should ne'er be puzzled at ſo poor a *word*:
In both, however, *David* at the worſt,
Might well preſume, he ſhould not die the firſt.

But oh! the *Plague*'s impartial, it reſpects
No quality of *Perſon*, *Age*, nor *Sex*;
The Royal *Breaſts* are open to her hand
As is the loweſt *Peſan's* in the Land;
Famine, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*, *David* free,
To take his choice, and pick the worſt of three!
He that gave *David* power to refuſe,
Inſtructed *David* in the *Art* to chuſe;
He knew, no forrain Kingdom could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: he knew the *ſword*
Would want an arm, the arm would want her skill,
And skill *ſucceſs*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martial* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is thou, *Great God*, the onely cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſts*; he yields to kiſs thy *Rod*:
Iſrael was thine, and thou art *Iſrael's* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; 'twas no adventure
To caſt himſelf on *Thee*, the onely Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th'hands of man, of *friend*, or *ſtranger*:
Thus *Davids* filial hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods known *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, I le voice,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choice:
But ſtay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,
To ſpeak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

XXVIII. *On Mans unequal diviſion.*

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the beſt, and ſhare the worſt to thee;

We

We Fleet the *Mornings*, for our own Deſign;
Perchance the Flotten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt us *Silk*, we offer *Camels* hair,
Thy *Bleſſings* march ith' *Front*, our *thanks* ith' *Rear*.

XXIX. *On Beggars.*

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarms of *Beggars* lurk
In every ſtreet: 'tis a worſe trade to work
Then beg; yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will think it ſcorn to thrive by gift:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet, no wiſe forcaſt:
It is but pride, and pride will ſtoop at laſt.
We all are *Beggars*, ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! We cannot work: the very beſt
Our hands can do, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up whilſt others give;
No ſhame for helpleſs Man, to pray in aid:
Great *Sol'mon* ſcorn'd not to be *free oth' Trade*:
He begg'd an *Alms* and bluſh'd not; for the *Boon*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crown*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, ſo,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chooſer* too.
O who would truſt to *work*, that may obtain
The Suit he beggs, without or *ſweat* or *pain*!
O what a Priviledge, great God, have we;
That have the honour, but to beg of thee!
Thou doſt not fright us with the tort'ring *whips*
Of *Beadles*; nor doſt anſwer our faint lips
With churliſh language: Lord, thou doſt not praiſe
The ſtricter *Statute* of laſt *Henry*'s dayes:
Thou doſt not damp us with the empty voice
Of *Nothing for ye*; If our clam'rous noiſe
Should chance t' importune, turn'ſt thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'ſt a quick ſupply:

Thou

Thou doſt not brand us with th' opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabonds*; thou know'ſt w' are *lame*,
And cannot work: thou doſt not, *Pharaoh*-like,
Deny us *ſtraw*, and yet requireſt *brick*:
Thou canſt not hear us groan beneath our *Task*,
But freely giv'ſt, what we have *Faith* to ask;
The moſt for which my large deſire ſhall plead,
To ſerve the preſent 's but a *loaf of Bread*,
Or but a *Token*, (ev'n as Beggars uſe)
That, of thy Love, will fill my ſlender *Cruſe*:
Lord, during life, i'le beg no greater *Boon*,
If at my Death thou 'lt give me but a *Crown*.

XXX. *On the two Children.*

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe pair
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repair
To *Juſtice*: Th' one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that do plead
For the live-Child, is *Thee*, and *Satan*, Lord;
Both claim alike: Juſtice calls forth the *ſword*;
And ſeeing both, with equal tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the children both in twain;
And make them equal ſharers in the ſame
That both do challenge, and what both diſclaim:
Satan applauds the motion, and repli'd,
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*; but let them both divide,
And give alike to both: but thou, dear Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the juſtice of th' unequal *ſword*;
Rather then ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive
And will not own't at all, if not alive:
The *ſword*'s put up, and ſtraight condemns the other
To be the falſe; calls thee, *The nat'ral Mother*,
Lord, of my Soul. It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy boſome of thy *living Child*.

Hee'd have the queſtion by the *ſword* decided,
Knowing the Soul's but dead, if once *divided*;
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

XXXI. *On two Myſteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son!*
One, three intire; and three intirely one!
Wonder of Wonders! how might all this come?
We muſt be deaf, when th' Holy Spirit's dumb;
Spare to inquire it, thou ſhalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* diſſolve, and the laſt *Trump* ſhall blow.

XXXII. *A form of Prayer for Beggars.*

IF thou wouldſt learn, not knowing how to pray,
Add but a *Faith*, and ſay as *Beggars* ſay;
Maſter, I'm poor, and blind, in great diſtreſs;
Hungry, and lame, and cold, and comfortleſs:
O, ſuccour him, that's gravel'd on the Shelf
Of pain and want, and cannot help himſelf:
Caſt down thine eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pitty on me for ſweet Jeſus ſake:
But hold! take heed this Clauſe be not put in,
I never begg'd before, nor will again:
Note this withall, that Beggars move their plaints
At all times, *Ore tenus*; not, by *Saints*.

XXXIII. *On* Solomon *and the Queen of* Sheba.

IT ſpreads? the ſweet *Perfume* of *Solomons* Fame
Affects the *Coaſts*; and his Illuſtrious Name
Cannot be hid: the unbeliev'd report
Muſt fly with Eagles wings to th' honoured *Court*

Of

Of Princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* muſt not reſt,
Until her eyes become th' invited Gueſt,
Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her Impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives an airy paſſage
To th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
True Wiſdom, planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory then the glory't brings;
And like the Sun, is view'd by her own light,
Being, by her own reflection, made more bright:
The emulous *Queen*'s arriv'd; *ſhe*'s gon to th' *Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque*; no princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and ſcorns to ſee, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allows her ear, her eye
No leſs then *Oracles*, and *Majeſty*;
How empty Paſtimes do reſolve and fly
To their true nothing, when true Wiſdom's by!
Th' arriv'd *Queen* has *Audience*, moves diſputes;
Wiſe *Solomon* attends, replies, confutes;
She objects, *he* anſwers; *ſhe* afreſh propounds,
She proves, maintains it; *he* decides, confounds;
She ſmiles, *ſhe* wonders, being over-daz'd,
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent*, ſtands amaz'd.
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appear*
To common Books! how poor, when Scripture's *near!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſs prodigal, then now;
For now the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By Fame, is found the leaſt of what is true;
We often find that Fame in prime of Youth,
Does add to Falſhood, and ſubſtract from Truth:
The thankful Queen does with a lib'ral hand,
Preſent him with the *Riches* of her Land;
Where wiſdom goes before, we often find
That temporal Bleſſings ſeldom ſtay behind:

Lord,

Lord, grant me *Wiſdom*, and I ſhall poſſeſs
Enough, have *more*, or have content with *leſs*.

XXXIII. *On* Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peaceful death,
Make but a firm *Aſſurance*, or bequeath
Their living virtues; Could they recommend
Their *wiſdom* to their heirs: Could *hearts* deſcend
Upon the boſome of ſucceeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* do, as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reign had found increaſe
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *Peace*:
Kingdoms are Tranſitory: *Scepters* go
From hand, to hand; and *Crowns*, from brow to brow:
But *Wiſdom* marches on another guize;
They 'r two things, to be *Worldly-great*, and *Wiſe*;
It was the ſelf-ſame *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee; the ſelf-ſame *Crown*,
That did incloſe his Princely brows and thine;
The ſelf-ſame *fleſh* and *blood*, the next o'th' Line,
The ſelf-ſame *people* were alive, to bleſs
The proſperous dayes; but not the ſame *ſucceſs*:
Where reſts the fault, what ſecrcet miſchief can
Un-ſame thy peace? 'twas not the ſelf-ſame *Man*.

XXXIV. *On the Prophet, ſlain by the Lion.*

TWas not for Malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lion* ſhed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithleſs man neglects the ſacred *Law*
Of God, there beaſts abate their ſervile *awe*
To man: When Man dares take a diſpenſation,
By ſin, to fruſtrate th' end of mans *Creation*;
The beaſts oft-times by mans example do
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The

The *Prophet* muſt abſtain; He was forbid,
He muſt not eat, and yet the *Prophet* did:
Th' obedient *Lion* had command to ſhed
That *Prophets* blood; and ſee, the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks thoſe Laws, which very *Beaſts* fulfil!

XXXV. *On* Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* muſt be poſſeſt
Of *Naboth's Vineyard*, or can find no reſt:
His tongue muſt ſecond his unlawful eye;
Ahab muſt ſue, and *Naboth* muſt deny:
Ahab grows ſullen, he can eat no bread;
His Body proſtrates on his reſtleſs bed:
Unlawful luſt, immoderate, often brings
A loathing in the uſe of lawful things.
Ahabs deſire, it muſt not be withſtood,
It muſt be purchas'd, though with *Nabaths* blood:
Witneſs muſt be ſuborn'd; *Naboth* muſt lie
Open to *Law*; muſt be condemn'd, and die:
His goods muſt be confiſcate to the *Crown*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd: the *Vineyard's* now his own.
Unlawful pleaſures, when they juſtle further
Then ordinary bounds, oft end in Murther.
Me thinks the Grapes that cluſter from that *Vine*,
Should (being preſt) afford more *Blood* than *Wine*.

XXXV. *On* Rehoboam.

PEople have *Ballances*, wherein to weigh
Their new-crown'd *Princes*, which can ſoon bewray
Their native worth; Some counterpoiſe th' allow:
Unhappy *Iſr'el* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*; *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poor members are oppreſt;

Had

Charles 1st & James 2d

Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *Judgment*, had thy judgment bore
But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadst been prosperous both in *Crown* and *State*:
The *Lion's known by's Paw*, the people spends
Their judgment of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

XXXVII. *On Leprous* Naaman.

THE *Leper*, prompted with his loathsome grief,
Seeks to the King of *Isr'el* for relief;
But *Naamans* vain desires could not thrive;
Israel's no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*.
The Mortal Man is of too mean a stature,
To reach his hand above the hand of nature;
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*,
The *Leper* must go *wash*, and be secure
From his *Disease*; he must go paddle straight
In *Jordans water*, 'tis a fair *Receipt*:
And why in *Jordan*? have our *Syrian* streams
Less pow'r then *Isr'els*? sure the Prophet dreams:
How hard is it for Mortals to relie
On Faith! how apt is sense, to question why?
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Disease*;
Prophets prescribe no better *means* then these?
I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet should invoke:
Some men would fain be clean, if God would fit
Their times, or would but cure them their own way.
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd, hee'l hence;
The *Jordan-Prophet* dallies against sence;
His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord,
To *Jordan-streams*: He washes, is restor'd:
How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills
Our choise desires, oft times against our wills!

The

The *Leper* 's cleans'd; and now he do's applaud
Not *Isr'els* ſtreams alone, but *Isr'els God:*
The Prophet muſt have thanks, and Gold beſide;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold* 's deni'd:
Who would not deal with thee, that art not nice,
To ſell ſuch pen'worths at ſo ſmall a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vows, the true God: provided, when his Lord
Shall ſerve ith' houſe of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For faſhion-ſake, he may ſecure his *Vow*:
Some will not ſtick to lend their God an houſe,
Might they reſerve one room for their own uſe.
Gehazi thinks the Cure too Cheap; he ſoon
Ore-takes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophets* name; but mark what did befall,
He got his *Boon*, but got his *Plague* withall:
Unlawful gains are leaſt, what they appear,
And ill got gold is always bought too dear.
Lord, I did waſh in *Jordan*, and was cur'd,
My *Fleſh*, that falſe *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A ſinful *purchaſe*, having over-run
The cleanſed *Naaman* of my Soul: What 's done
By falſe *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* bear,
Let *Naamans Leproſie* alone ſtick there:
O, cleanſe them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, ſtrike *Gehazi*: and keep *Naaman* free.

XXXVIII. *On Chamber-Chriſtians.*

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or go to *Church*, or ſtay at *home*, if pray;
Smiths dainty *Sermons* have in plenty ſtor'd me,
With better ſtuff then *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* too?

Henry Smith
ob. 4° 1673.

Small ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, *I've meat at home*.

XXXIX. *On the Widdows Cruſe.*

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: my *ſcore* is great, my wealth but ſmall,
My *houſe* is poorly furniſh'd, and my *food*
Is ſlender, I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted fortunes prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the relief thy ſervant this long while
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyl*,
There 's none will give of *Alms*: I neither get
Enough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelf-ſame Art
Upon the ſlender *veſſel* of my heart,
The Prophet did, upon the *Widdow's Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyl to ſell, have Oyl to *uſe*:
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free;
No debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of thee.

XL. *On the ſwimming Axe.*

THE borrow'd *Axe* fell in, 'twas loſt, lamented:
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *workman* diſcontented:
A *Stick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
Thrown in, the *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *ſtick*? had that the pow'r to call
The *maſſie Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moſes muſt uſe his *Rod*: *Moſes*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it:
Nor could that *Rod* have ſcourged *Pharohs* Land,
Had it been waved by *another* hand;
God often works by *means*, and yet not ſo
But that he can, as well without them, too:

G

God can save Man without the help of Man,
But will not; wills not always that he can;
Something is left for us, we must not lye
Ith' ditch, and cry, *And if we die, we die.*
We must not lie like *Blocks*, relying on
The workmans *Axe*, there's something must be done:
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recall'd again, if not the *stick* thrown in:
We must be doing, yet those deeds, as our,
Have no more native virtue, nay, less power
To save us, then that *stick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottom of his fall:
I will be doing, but repose in *Him*;
Throw I in *Sticks*, hee'l make my *Iron* swim.

XLI. *On Baals Priests.*

Jehu's crown'd King; *Jehu* the King must fall
To *Ahab's* gods; *Jehu* must worship *Baal.*
The gods divided people must go call
Baals sacred *Priests*: *Jehu* must worship *Baal.*
None must be left behind, they must come all,
Jehu must burn a Sacrifice to *Baal.*
The *Priests* come puffing in, both great and small
Must wait on *Jehu*, that must worship *Baal*;
Baals house is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worship *Baal.*
What must there now be done? what offering shall
Perfume *Baals nostrils*? ev'n the Priests of *Baal*;
Baals holy *Temple's* now become a *Stall*
Of Priestly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*:
How would our Gospel flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Jehu*, would but worship *Baal.*

XLII. *On the Tempter.*

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t' approach
Into the sacred presence? or incroach

Upon thy choiſe *Poſſeſſion* to devour
Thy ſporting *Lambs*? to counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to uſurp thy *Kingdom*, ev'n as he
Were Lord, at leaſt a *Subſtitute* to thee;
Why do'ſt not rate him? Why does he obtain
Such favours, to have liberty of his *Chain*?
Have we not enemies to counterbuff,
Enow? Is not the *Fleſh*, the *World* enough
To foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*.
But muſt that *Satan*, muſt that *Bandog* come
T' afflict the *weak*, and take the *ſtronger* ſide?
O, are there not enow, enow beſide?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a falſe diſguiſe of love and peace,
That ſtill betray us? Are not theſe, all theſe
Sufficient to encounter and o'rethrow
Poor ſinful man; but muſt that *Bandog* too,
Aſſault us, Lord? We dare not caſt our eyes
Our tim'rous eyes to heav'n, we dare not riſe
From off our aking knees, to plead our caſe,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*?
Nay more, were it but poſſible to do,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faſhion* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to reſiſt
What *Foes* thou ſend'ſt, and ſend what *Foes* thou liſt?
It is thy *Battail*; if thou pleaſe to warm
My Blood, and find the ſtrength, Ile find the *Arm*:
March thou i' th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Rear*:
Come then ten thouſand *Bandogs*, Ile not fear.

XLIII. *On a Cypher.*

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added, ſeem to come
(With thoſe that know not *Art*) to a great *Sum*:

But such as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
We stand those *Cyphers* ere since *Adams* fall,
We are but *show*; we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome-pleasures, and delights that do
Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *house*, the *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me than,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord be my *Figure*, then it shall be known
That I am *Something*; *Nothing* if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I do not weigh how small my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor vigure:
I am thy *Cypher*, O, be thou my *Figure*.

XLIV. *On* Haman *and* Mordecai.

THE *King* would fain take rest, but thought denies
To pay her nightly *tribute* to his eyes:
The *Persian Chronicle* must be brought to set
His eyes in quiet till they'r pay'd the *debt*:
He turns the leaves; the first he lights upon,
Is the *true service Mordecai* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,
When man has will to banish sense and Reason.
His loyal service must be now recall'd
To blest remembrance: *Haman* must be call'd
To Council; question'd, but not know the thing
The *King* intends: He must advise the *King*,
What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *Cost*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* shall honour most:
Observe but in the Progress of this story,
How God turns Factor for his Servants glory.

Haman, perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him, ne'er queſtions, *Who's the Man.*
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horſe of State*, for his own Princely riding:
In brief; his Judgment is, that ſuch a one,
Muſt lack no honour, *but the Royal Throne:*
How apt is man to flatter his own heart!
How far a Debter to his falſe deſert!
The *Royal horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious wit:
Haman expects his anſwer; his Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion.*
Haman muſt haſte with all the ſpeed he can,
And ſee it done: But *Mordecai's the man:*
God often crowns his Servants, at their Coſt,
That hate their perſons, and diſdain them moſt:
Lord, if thou pleaſe to make me but thine own,
I ſhall have *honour*, ſpight of *honours frown.*

XLV. *On* Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD queſtions *Satan*: Boaſts his *Jobs* deſert,
In the perfection of a *ſimple heart.*
Jobs Faith was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yield it; but muſt yield againſt his will,
Condemns it to be *ſervile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyn: *Does Job ſerve God for nought?*
It is a common trick, the tempter uſes,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuſes.
Alas, that *Faith* requires not ſo much praiſe,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adays:
It is not ſtrengthen'd by the indulgent hand
That bleſt his *Labours*, and inrich'd his *Land*,
Puffe out the *Fire*; his *Faith* will quickly chill:
Satan puffe thou; nay, Satan puffe thy will:

Nor Ebb, nor Floud, of ſmall, or great eſtate,
Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.
What's now to do? Poor *Job* muſt be bereav'n
Of all his ſtronger *Herds*; *Fire*, ſent from Heav'n
Muſt burn his fruitful *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houſes* fall, and all his *Children* ſlain;
And yet not curſe? Alas, poor *Job* addreſſes
His thoughts to Heav'n, he worſhips God and *bleſſes*:
The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but ſeldom rave beneath the Rod.
But what ſayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Job*? What further *Cloke*
For his uprightneſs hath he? what *pretence*
For his continual Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own deſire?
'Twas ſoundly puff'd, thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire*:
Gods trials are like Bellows: Satan's Blower,
Blows out falſe Faiths, make true ones blaze the more.
True, Lord, His faith is tough; But, *Snails* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *ſhell*:
To ſave *alive*, who would not loſe ſome *Skin*?
Touch but his *Horns*, O how hee'l draw them in.
Satan, I give thy malice leave, be free
To peel the *bark*, but ſpare to touch the *Tree*:
Fear not ye little flock: The greateſt ill
Your foes can do 's to ſcratch: They cannot kill.
What now 's th' exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lie,
A very *Hoſpital* of miſery:
I think, that all the *Ulcers* that have bin
In *Egypt* cur'd, are broken out agin
In his diſtempered fleſh; yet *Job* is ſtill
The very ſame, not charg'd his God with ill:
A Faith that lodges in a double Breſt,
May ſtand the touch; none but true faith, the Teſt.
If theſe be *flames* poor man muſt ſwelter in,
He needs a *World* of patience, not to ſin.

XLVI. *On bawling Currs.*

I Fear'd, the World, and I, were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are, like her Joyes, but painted:
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I paſt,
Her bawling *Currs* had never bark'd ſo faſt.

XLVII. *On* David.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did wear the *Crown*, ſhould *play* the *Harper* too?
He plays and ſings: His glory ne'er diſdains
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's pains:
'Tis no diſparagement, 'tis no miſpriſion
Of State, to play before the *Great Muſitian*.

XLVIII. *On* Abraham.

THE word is out: Poor *Abr'am* muſt be gon:
Muſt take his *Iſaac*, take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whoſe bleſt *Loynes*, ſo many *Kings* muſt come;
Ev'n him muſt *Abr'am* ſlay, *Abr'am* muſt riſe,
And offer *Iſaac*, a *burnt Sacrifice*.
God ſcorns the Offals of our ſaint deſires,
He gives the beſt, and he the beſt requires.
Abr'am forbears to queſtion; thinks not good
To reaſon, to adviſe with *Fleſh* and *Blood*:
Begs not young *Iſaacs* life, nor goes about
To object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He riſes, riſes early; leads his Son;
Haſts where this holy *Slaughter* muſt be don:
Where God bids, Go, that very Breath 's a warrant:
We muſt not linger there; Haſte crowns the errant.

Hu

His Servants muſt no further: they muſt ſtay;
Private Devotion claims a private way:
They muſt abide with th' *Aſs*, whilſt th'aged Sire
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*, in t'other *Fire*:
The ſacred *Wood* of *Offring* muſt be pil'd
On the young ſhoulders of th' obedient *Child*:
O here mine eye muſt ſpend a tear to ſee
Thee bear that Wood, great God, that ſince, bore thee:
Miſtruſtleſs *Iſaac* ſeeing the wood, the fire,
The *ſacrificing Knife*, begins t' enquire:
But where's the ſacred Lamb that muſt be ſlain?
Reſolved *Abr'am* (leſt the *fleſh* ſhould gain
Too much of *Nature*) ſayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he; but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
Where God commands, 'tis not enough t' effect,
But we muſt baulk the occaſion of neglect.
The faithful *Abr'am* now erects an Altar;
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can chuſe but faulter,
To tell the reſt? He layes his hands upon
His wondering *Iſaac*, bindes his onely *Son*:
He layes him down, unſheaths his Prieſtly *Knife*;
Up-heaves his arm to take his *Iſaacs* life:
True faith is active, covets to proceed
From thought to action, and from will to deed.
Before the ſtrengthened ſtroke had time to fall,
A ſudden voice from heav'n, cries *hold*: *Recall*
Thy threatning Arm, and ſheath thy holy Knife,
Thy Faith has anſwer'd for thy Iſaac's *life:*
Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly ſhown,
That has not ſpar'd thine own, thine onely Son.
How eaſie is our God, and liberal, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to do!

XLIX. *On* Censorio.

Censorio takes in hand, by sharp reproof
To mend his Brothers error, and to snuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Censonio's* crimes
Are rank'd among the fouleſt of the times:
Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controul
Or top the dim-light of anothers soul,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd:
The Temple-Snuffers must be perfect gold.

L. *On* Mordecai *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graſs*, the other Steed did ſtand
In *Perſia's Mues*: the former was providing
For *Mordecay*; the laſt, for *Hamans* riding:
But ſince, in order, laſt things prove the worſt,
Hamans ambition drove him to the Firſt:
But ſee, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did caſt
His glorions rider, whilſt the *Jew* ſits faſt.
What matter, *Haman*? *Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine, firſt brought thee to thy *Journeys end.*

LI. *On three Fools.*

THe Wiſeman ſayes, *It is a Wiſemans part,*
To keep his tongue cloſe priſ'ner in his heart:
If he be then a Fool, whoſe thought denies,
There is a God, how deſp'ratly unwiſe,
How more then Fool is he, whoſe language ſhall
Proclaim in publick, *There's no God at all*;
What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
Whoſe actions ſhall maintain't; *Such Fools are we.*

LII. *On*

LII. *On miſerable Man.*

Adam the higheſt pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one ſinful *Deed*,
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his *ſeed*:
How wretched then, how deſp'rate's our Condition,
Whoſe ev'ry minute makes a Repetition
Of greater ſins, againſt both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*; againſt *Creation*, and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *deſcent*, alone,
But add by hourly purchaſe of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *ſin*,
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *ſins* bring ruine then
To *One*: when one *ſin* ſlew a world of men?

LIII. *On Mans two Enemies.*

Two potent Enemies attend on Man;
Th' *one*'s fat and plump, the *other* lean and wan:
Th' *one* fawns, and ſmiles, the *other* weeps as faſt;
The firſt *Preſumption* is, *Deſpair* the laſt:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full treaſure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and laſting *Pleaſure*:
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *Bleſſings*; finds them ever in the *wain*:
Their *Maxims* diſagree; but their *Concluſion*
Is the ſelf-ſame: Both jump in mans *Confuſion*;
Lord, keep me from the *firſt*, or elſe I ſhall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *ſecond* from me; leſt I then,
Sink down ſo low, I never riſe agen:
Teach me to know my ſelf, and what I am,
And my *Preſumption* will be turn'd to ſhame:

Give

Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What ground has then deſpair to work upon?
T'avoid my ſhipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *ſelf*.

LIV. *On Queen* Eſther.

ILluſtrious *Princeſs*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadſt been no *Queen*;
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not firſt been *ſlaves*, w'ad ne'er been *Kings*.

LV. *On Slanders.*

HAve ſland'rous tongues been buſie to deſame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſs gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have. And let their full-mouth'd *bellows* puffe:
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them ſnarle and burſt, that I may ſmile;
Do, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience; No,
Ile bear, and take it for an *Honour* too:
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall fly,
Is onely to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgment 'twere, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name* by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*; that were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the ſtory
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the wind;
And bark againſt the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbear
To bawl at *Innocence*, to wound and tear

An

An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a Fire:
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A fair gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold.*
Great God; I care not thus, how foul I ſeem
To *Man*; may I be fair in thy *eſteem:*
It matters not how *light* I ſeem to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to thee.

LVI. *On* Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckleſs Accident hath bred ſuch odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturb him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreams* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the glory of his Throne,
His Royal *Scepter*, his Imperial *Crown*?
Muſt be expell'd his *Honour*, and come down
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſh'd from the uſe, the act of *Reaſon*,
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudd, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beaſts, but that *he was a King*?
What ayl thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? What, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? What might the reaſon be?
Alas, poor harmleſs things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:

Deſerv'ſt

Deserv'st thou not, great King, the stile of *Beast*:
To serve such gods, whose deities can digest
Their servants open wrong? that could dispense
With what th'endure, without the least offence?
Illustrious *Beast*, me-thinks thy better'd state
Has no great reason to complain of *Fate*:
Thou art more near to him thou didst adore,
By one *degree*, then ere thou wert before:
'Tis some Promotion, that there is less odds
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *senseless gods*.

LVII. *On* Partio.

HAst thou forsaken all thy *Sins*, but One?
Believe it, *Partio*, th'ast forsaken *None*.

LVIII. *On Ignorance.*

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory, 's unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

LIX. *On a great Battel.*

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me-thinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the day, the other yield:
They both prepare; Both strike up their *Alarms*;
Both march; Both well-apppointed in their *Armes*.
They both advance their *Banners*: Th' one displays
A *bloudy Cross*: The other Colours blaze
A *Globe terrestrial*: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other; Each by's *Ensign*'s known:

They

They meet, encounter, *blows* exchange for *blows*;
Dart is return'd for Dart, they grapple, close:
Their Fortune's hurried with unequal *Sails*;
Sometimes the *Cross*, sometimes the *Globe* prevails.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*: those, that war within us,
The *Flesh*, the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other, lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yield,
And make proud Satan *Master of the Field*:
Dear Lord, the *Field*'s thine own; thou thought'st it good
To purchase't with my dying Saviours *Blood*:
'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
Why shouldst thou question, what's thy own by fight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' accurst
And base *Usurper* do his best, his worst.

XLX. *On the World.*

THe World's an *Inne*; And I, her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest.
My *Hostess* Nature, does deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stay'd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and go my way.

XLXI. *On the Sabbath.*

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds
My frail *delights*: Presume not to approach
Into my presence; dare not once t'incroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my soul;
Ye are not for this day, y'are all too foul:

Abide

Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:
I must go sacrifice, I must go pray,
I must perform my holy *vows* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*. I enjoyn
Your needful absence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yok'd affections, and not part for ever:
Yet give me leave without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

LXII. *On Prayer.*

IN all your Prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The Judgment of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*: 'tis his pleasure
To buy his *Wares* by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

LXIII. *On* Fido.

FInd'st thou no comfort in this fickle Earth,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but Sorrow? Nothing else but toyle?
What, do thy days shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Do worldly pleasures no contentment give:
Content thee, *Fido*, th'ast not long to live.

LXIV. *On* Chariſſa.

WOuldst thou, *Chariſſa*, wish thy *fortunes better*
Then, by thy *act*, to make thy God thy *debter*?
Ile teach thee how to do't: *Relieve the poor*,
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *score*.

LXV. *On*

LXV. *On* Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illuſtrious *Wit*,
Strengthned with ſo much *learning*, could commit
So great a folly, as to go about,
By Nature's feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n-bred *Myſt'ries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much leſs the darkned *Pen*
Expreſs; ſuch ſecrets, at whoſe depth, the *Quire*
Of bleſſed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain glory lend no eaſier task
To thy ſublime *Attempt*, then to unmask
The glorious *Trinity*, whoſe Tri-une *face*
Was ne'r diſcovered by the eye of *Grace*;
Much leſs by th' eye of *Nature*, being a ſtory
Objected onely to th' eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, hold *Raymond*, and be wiſe:
Silence thy tongue, and cloſe th' ambitious eyes.
Such *heights* as theſe, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

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LXVI. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *hairs* upon my head,
And raiſe their *Audit* to as high a ſcore.
In this they differ: Theſe do daily ſhed;
But, ah! my ſins grow daily more and more:
If by my *hairs* thou number out my *ſins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

LXVII. *On the Goſpel.*

OUr *Goſpel* thrives the more by forrain *Farts*:
It overcomes in outward *oppoſition*:

But O, it suffers still in civil Warrs,
And loses Honour by a *home-division*:
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I warr abroad, so I have peace at *home*.

LXVIII. *On the dayes of Man.*

LOrd, if our dayes be *few*, why do we spend
And lavish them unto so evil an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evil, why do we wrong
Our selves, and thee, to wish our *Day* so long:
Our *dayes* decrease, but still our *evils* renew;
Great God, we make them *evil*; Thou mak'st them *few*.

LXIX. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the shore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *These* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Flood*; My *sins* shall open lie:
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of Tears*,
O, they will hide the sins of all my *years*.

LXX. *On* Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equal, Equal was their guilt;
They both committed *Homicide*, both spilt
Their brothers guiltless bloud: Nay, of the twain,
The first occasion was less foul in *Cain*:
'Twas likely *Cain*'s Murther was in *heat*:
Of bloud; there was no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *David*'s was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Uriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:
Was Justice equal? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
When *Cain* was punisht; *David* was forgiv'n:

Both came to tryal; But good *David* did
Confeſs that ſin, which curſed *Cain* had *hid*:
Cain bewail'd the puniſhment, wherein
His *Sin* had plung'd him; *David* wayls his *Sin*:
If I lament my *ſins*, Thou wilt forbear
To *puniſh*, Lord; or give me ſtrength, to bear.

LXXXI. *On* Plauſus.

Plauſus of late hath rais'd an *Hoſpital*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
Plauſus hath built an holy *Temple*, vow'd it
To God; Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it;
Plauſus hath given, through his abundant pitty,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o' th' City:
Plauſus allows a *Table* for the poor
O' th' Pariſh; beſides thoſe, he feeds at door.
Plauſus relieves the *Priſons*, Mends the *wayes*,
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Market dayes*:
Plauſus in brief, for bounty bears the *Bell*;
Plauſus hath done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*:

6769 LXXII. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the Skies;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great.
In this they differ: *Theſe* do ſet and riſe,
But ah! my Sins do *riſe*, but never *ſet*:
Shine *Sun of Glory*, and my ſins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the riſing *Sun*.

LXXIII. *On change of Weather.*

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sunſhine*? No viciſſitude of *Rain*?

Think'ſt thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fires*?
There muſt be both: Sometimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable ſhowrs
Of *tears*: Sometimes the Froſt of *chill Deſpair*,
Makes our deſired *Sun-ſhine* ſeem more *fair*:
Weathers, that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as help to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, Great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *ask*.

LXXIV. *On* Proſper.

1. TAke heed thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt:
Thou that doſt flouriſh in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And ſums untold:
Thou, that haſt never reaſon to complain
Of *Croſs*, or *Pain*:
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitful Leaſe
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
2. Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*!
Thy *flattering* pleaſures, and thy airy *joyes*,
But painted *Toyes*:
Thy peaceful Conſcience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitful Leaſe
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
3. Thy heaps of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need:
Thy *Empty* Pleaſures will convert thy laughter,
To *Groans* hereafter:

Thy

Thy silent *Conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

LXXV. *On the sight of a Plague-Bill.*

Five thousand in a Week, in one poor City;
Because it was thy *pleasure*, 'Twas no pity:
Why should'st thou pity us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pitty thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to th' *sin*,
That far transcends the *judgment* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression,
Could but appear, and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague-Bills* do;
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of sin
Could with our City-*Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high;
But rather wonder there are men to *die*.

LXXVI. *On Theaters.*

Six *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordain'd for *Play*:
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*?
Me-thinks that they should change their trade for shame,
Or honour 't with a more laborious name.

LXXVII. *On Players, and Ballad-Mungers.*

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure both
Do stand, or fall; Th'one *sings*, The other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of another Froth:
In short, They 're *Priest* and *Clarks* of *Belial's* Altar;
T'one makes the *Sermon*, t'other tunes the *Psalter*.

LXXVIII. *On God and the King.*

OUr *God* and *Prince*, (whom God for ever bless)
Are both, in mercy, of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall press,
To put their penal *Laws* in Execution:
And mark, how in a like success they joyn:
At both we *grumble*, and at both repine.

LXXIX. *On the life and death of Man.*

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his adventure towards future Glory,
For *death* to finish: Who will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretels a glorious *Day*?

LXXX. *On* FOX.

THere was a time, (wo worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devour the prime,
And choise of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious *FOX*, in after-dayes,
Whose high immortal *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive, in spight of death:
To see how mutual Saintly favours be!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee:

LXXXI. *On the Book of Common-Prayer.*

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the reſt;
For *Pray'rs* that are moſt *Common*, are the beſt.

LXXXII. *To* Mundano. *Worldling*

WOuldſt thou, *Mundano*, prove *too great, too ſtrong*,
For peeviſh *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong,
Renounce her Power; Baniſh *Fortune* hence,
And truſt thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The pooreſt heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *Fortune*.

LXXXIII. *On* Rome's *Sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd: it is a wrong
Proceeding from a too too partial tongue,
To ſay, The profer'd Service of falſe *Rome*
Had no good ſavour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie? poor *Rome's* bely'd:
For when our *Troops* of glorious *Martyrs* dy'd,
In that warm *Age*? who were their *Prieſts*? by whom
Was their bloud ſhed? was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such ſweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to ſay,
Rome never burnt before, nor ſince that day:
A ſweeter *Incenſe*, ſave his dying *Son*,
Heav'n ne'er accepted ſince this World begun.

LXXXIV. *On a Dead Man.*

IT is a common uſe to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train*:
How great's the dead-man then? There's none that be
So backt with troops of *Followers*, *as he.*

LXXXV. *On Corner-sinners.*

SUch men are like to *Owls*; They take delight,
To make the night their day; their *day*, the night;
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best,
But they shall howl, when *day-birds* are at rest.

LXXXVI. *On the Kite.*

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and she will read
Brave *rules* for *Dyet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; she spreads her airy plumes
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; she makes her self a stranger
T' inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*:
At length, she stoops; and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *prey*, and mounts her up again.
By her example, learn to use the earth
And thou shalt find less *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

LXXXVII. *On* Formio.

FOrmio bewails his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they'r about to part:
Believe it, *Formio* will not entertain
A *merry thought*, until they meet again.

LXXXVIII. *On Bosome-Sins.*

HOw loth is *Flesh* to yield the *Spirit* to vvin
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome-sin*!
O, how th' ingenious *flesh* vvill plead, abuse
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length it yields: O give it leave to stay
A year, a moneth, a week, at least, a day;

And

And if not ſo, - yet let my breaking heart
Put hugg it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts ſhall bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but look behind me:
Nay ſin, *Gehazi*-like, will have a blow
At cleans'd *Naamans bounty*, e're ſhe go.

LXXXIX. *On the Eccho.*

AN *Eccho*'s nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or any repercuſſion of a *Sound*,
Proceeding from ſome *hollow place*, well known
To have no *Bulk*, no *Being* of her own:
It is no *Subſtance*, nothing but a *Noiſe*;
An *empty ſound*, the picture of a voice:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my requeſt
Hee'l breath his ſervice from his hollow breaſt,
And *Eccho-like* for ev'ry word that's blown
Into his ears, returns me *two* for *one*:
But when they come to th' Teſt, alas they'r found
More light then *Air*, meer ſhadows of a Sound:
Ile truſt my God, His bounty ſtill affords
As many *deeds*, as my falſe Friends do *words*.

XC. *On a Water-Mill.*

THe formal Chriſtian's like a *Water-Mill*:
Until the *Flood-gate*'s open, he lies ſtill:
He cannot work at all, he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheels ſhall find the ſtream.

XCI. *On* Paul, *and* Apollos.

TIs not what this man, or what that man ſaith,
Brings the leaſt *ſtone* to th' building of my faith;

My

My ear may ramble, but my *conſcience* follows
No man: I'm neither *Paul's*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture-*gold* lies by me, is it juſt
To take up my Salvation upon *Truſt*?
My Faith ſhall be confin'd to no mans *Liſts*;
Ile onely follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Chriſt's*.

XCII. *On* Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but croſs the way,
Morus will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Ev'l* portends it, *Morus*? It does ſhow,
That *Morus is not wiſe* for thinking ſo.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Fool the leſs abroad by *Thee*.

XCIII. *On ſome Faiths.*

SOme Faiths are like thoſe *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *Corn*, unleſs they work againſt the *Wind*.

XCIV. *On the Temporizer.*

HE ſeems to be a *Man of Warr*; His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a fore-right *Gale*
Makes ſpeedy way; and with her *Keel* divides
The ſparkling ſurrows of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the Wind ſhould ſlack, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to tide it to and fro;
But if it prove a *Storm*, or the Wind croſs,
His wavering *Bottom* ſoon begins to toſs
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *Steer*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*:
His prouder courage quails, and the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *keel*, he knows not whither;

Till

Till after many a ruin-threatning knock,
Hee's overwhelm'd or ſplit upon a *Rock*.

XCV. *On our Sins.*

IT is an Errour ev'n as *foul* to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon, as too *ſmall*.

XCVI. *On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas-Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burns clear and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtinks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*; the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the ſmell.

XCVII. *On Secret-mungers.*

HE, that at *Secrets* ſhall compoſe his aim,
Is like the *Fly* that ſports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, until he brings
Himſelf to ruine, or at leaſt his *wings*:
And like a deſp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once ſcorch'd, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

XCVIII. *On a Fly.*

THe Sun-delighting *Fly* repairs, at firſt
To the full *Cup* onely to quench her thirſt;
But, oftentimes, ſhe ſports about the *Brink*,
And ſips ſo long till ſhe be drown'd in *Drink*:
When wanton leiſure ſhall preſent thine eye
With laviſh Cups, *Remember but the Fly.*

XCIX. *On*

XCIX. *On Scripture and Apocrypha.*

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes;
I see my Lord in 's bed; but when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th' end, me-thinks it lies,
Like his well-countenanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old cloaths*, made less, and sayes
His own *Inventions*, in his Masters *Phrase*.

C. To my Book.

HEre comes a Critick, *Close thy Page,*
Thou art no Subject *for this Age:*
And Censure, oftentimes, ye know,
Will strike the Dove, *and spare the* Crow:
But hold; thy Guilt does not require,
That thou shouldst lurk, or yet retire;
Be open as the Eye of Noon,
And let Dogs bark against the Moon:
Thou hast no Lustre of thy own.
But what's deriv'd from heaven alone,
Fear not: Thy Heaven instructed Page,
Will either please, *or* teach *the Age.*

The end of the second *Book.*

DIVINE FANCIES

The Third Book.

I. *On old Wine and new.*

OLd crazy *Casks* are not design'd to hold
New Wines, nor yet new Vessels, for the *Old*;
Old must with *old*, and *new* with *new* be fill'd,
Else will the Vessels *break*, and Wine be *spill'd*:
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *the new 's the better.*

II. *On* Zacharias *and the blessed Virgin.*

HIs tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, then the Angel's word;
And had it too: Until those things shall come
To pass, his faithless lips are stricken *dumb*.
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faintless*, on the self-same fashion:

Her

Her lips reply'd, *And how can theſe things be?*
Hard juſtice! Why *he* puniſh'd, and not *ſhe*?
The Reaſon's eaſie to be riddled out;
Hers, was the voice of *wonder*; his, of *doubt*.

III. *On a Picture.*

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if ſeen,
Preſent unto the view ſome beauteous Queen;
But ſtep aſide, and it objects the ſhape,
On this ſide, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape*:
Look full upon the World, It proves the Story,
And Beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighty's Glory.
But if thy change of poſture lead thy ſight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye but painted *Toyes*,
Poor *Antick Pleaſures*, and *deceitful Joyes*.

IV. *On* Servio.

Servio's in *Law*; If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers Fee*, *Servio* may loſe the *day*.
No wonder, formal *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church; He goes to *bribe* his Judge.

V. *On* Peter's *Cock*.

THe Cock crow'd *once*, and *Peter's* careleſs ear
Could hear it, but his eye not ſpend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th' *Fire* ſide, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; now his tears burſt out.
'Twas not the *Cock*, it was our Saviours *Eye*;
Till he ſhall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

VI. On

VI. *On* Ambidexter.

GOD keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Laws.
But for a *Cauſe*, he ſeldom prayes at all;
But curſes evermore without a *Cauſe*:
I'de rather have his *Curſes* all the day,
Then give his Conſcience the leaſt cauſe to *pray*.

VII. *On* Lazarus, *the Damoſel, and a Sinner.*

Laz'rus come forth? Why could not *Laz'rus* plead
I cannot come, Great God, for I am dead?
Dam'ſel ariſe: When *death* had clos'd her eyes,
What power had the *Dam'ſel* to ariſe?
Sinner repent? Can we as dead, in ſin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Damſel*, live again?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hour?
The voice that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

VIII. *On Sin.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a fair, a beauteous *Bride*:
O, how were my believing thoughts miſled
To a falſe *Beauty*, lying by my ſide!
Sweet were her *Kiſſes*, full of choiſe delight;
My Fancy found no difference in the *night*.
I thought they were true *Joyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, but they were falſe *Alarms*:
I thought I 'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear-ey'd *Leah* in my arms:
How ſeeming-ſweet is *Sin*, when cloath'd with night!
But when diſcover'd what a *loath'd* delight!

IX. *On*

IX. *On Repentance.*

'Tis not, to *cry God mercy*, or to ſit
And droop, or to confeſs that thou haſt fail'd;
'Tis, to bewail the ſins, thou didſt commit:
And not commit thoſe ſins, thou haſt bewail'd:
He that bewails, and not forſakes them too,
Confeſſes rather, what he means to do.

X. *On Man.*

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to diſtil
Sweet ſmelling Waters, wherewithall to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*; Lord, do thou inſpire
Thy quick'ning *Spirit*, put in thy ſacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe to drop,
Till they have brimm'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can do nothing, Lord, till thou inſpire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

XI. *On the pouring out of our hearts.*

'Tis eaſie to *pour in*; but few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some pour their hearts, like *oyl*, that there reſides
An unctuous ſubſtance ſtill about the ſides:
Others, like *Wine*, which though the *ſubſtance* paſs,
Does leave a kind of *ſavour* in the Glaſs:
Some pour their hearts, like *milk*, whoſe *hiew* diſtains
Though neither *ſubſtance*, nor the *ſcent* remains:
How ſhall we pour them then, that *ſmell*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* ſtay? *Pour out your hearts like water*,

XII. *On Friends.*

GOd ſhield me from thoſe Friends, I *truſt*; and be
My firm defence from ſuch, as *truſt not* thee.

XIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Bull-Ruſh*; ſeems ſo ſmooth that not,
The eye of *Cato* can deſcry a knot:
Pill but the *bark*, and ſtrip his ſmoother skin,
And thou ſhalt find him ſpungie all within:
His brows are always ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet*-head:
He waſhes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire*.

XIV. *On* Servio.

SErvio would thrive, and therefore do's obey
Gods Law, and ſhuts up Shop o'th Sabbath day:
Servio would proſper in his home-affaires,
And therefore dares not miſs his *Diet-Prayers*:
Servio muſt put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th'end that he might ſafely come *aſhore*,
Servio's in Suit, and therefore muſt be tyed
To morning prayer, untill his *Cauſe* be tried.
Servio begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prays for a high-portion'd *Wife*:
Servio would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prays as the *Religious* do:
Servio ſtill prays for *Profit*, or *Applauſe*:
Servio will ſeldom pray, without a *Cauſe*.

XV. *On the Devil's Maſter-piece.*

THis is the height the Devils *Art* can ſhow,
To make man proud, becauſe he is not ſo.

XVI. *On our Saviours Fiſhing.*

WHen as our bleſſed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fiſher*, Mark the rule he keeps;
He firſt puts off a little from the Land:
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*.
By whoſe example, our *Men-fiſhers* hold
The ſelf-ſame courſe; they do the ſame, or *ſhould*.

XVII. *On Mans greateſt Enemy.*

OF all thoſe mortal Enemies, that take part
Againſt my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

XVIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Reed*, that always does reſide,
Like a well-planted *Tree*; by th'water ſide:
He bears no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formal ſanctity; A very *Flag*:
He's round, and full of ſubſtance, to the ſhow;
But hollow-hearted if inquir'd into:
In peaceſull ſeaſons, when the weather's fair
Stands firm; but ſhakes with every blaſt of *Air*.

XIX. *On the holy Scriptures.*

WHy did our bleſſed Saviour pleaſe to break
His ſacred thoughts in *Parables*, and ſpeak

In dark *Ænigma's*? Whosoever thou be
That findst them so, they were not spoke to thee:
In what a case is he, that haps to run
Against a Post, and cries, How *dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Frost*?
The Gospel's hid to none, but who are lost:
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis said,
An Elephant may *swim*, a Lamb may *wade*.

XX. *On mans Heart.*

NAture presents my heart in *One*.
Fair civil carriage *gilds* it 'ore;
Which when th'Almighty shall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*;
Thus chang'd, the Temple-*Ballance* weighs it;
If dross remain, the *Touch* bewrays it,
Affliction's *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy Spirit stamps and coins it;
No coin so currant; it will go
For the best *Wares*, that Heaven can show.

XXI. *On Drunkennesse.*

MOst Sins, at least, please sense; but this is Treason,
Not onely 'gainst the *crown* of *Sense*, but *Reason*.

XXII. *On a Kiss.*

E'Re since our blessed Saviour was betray'd
With a *Lip-kiß*, his Vicar is afraid;
From whence, perchance, this common use did grow
To kiss his t'other end; *I mean his Toe.*

XXIII. *On the Alchymist.*

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Natures *Fire*,
Imploys his labour to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect Gold;
He laughs at unbelievers, scorns and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*; neither cares, nor doubts;
Untill at length, by his ingenious *itch*,
He's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich;
Such is the *Civil man*; that by his paven
And level actions, hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks by help of *Nature* to acquire,
At least to counterfeit the sacred fire
Of saving *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh*;
He spurns at Counsel; he derides and jerks
Those whining spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

XXIV. *On the ten Lepers.*

TEn *Lepers* cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the *Cleanser* thanks? Ungratefull men;
But *Ten* ith' *Hundred*? that's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

XXV. *On the last Epigram.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that speaks to thee
Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in *Fee*?
Thou mad'st a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne're expect'dst the *Principal* agen:

Lord,

Lord we muſt reckon by another *Rate*;
They gave not one years Purchaſe for th' *Eſtate*;
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till we obtain our *End*:
And then we crave, and crave a longer *Day*,
Then pay in *Driblets*; or elſe never pay.

XXVI. *On the Box of Ointment.*

IT is no wonder, he above the reſt,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, preſent
The *Box of Ointment* was but caſt away:
He that date *murmure* at ſo ſmall a coſt,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Burial* loſt.

XXVII. *On* Mary *and* Judas.

MAry did kiſs him; *Judas* kiſt him too;
But both their aims were cover'd in a *miſt*:
Both kiſs our *Saviour*; but their kiſſes do
Differ as far as did the parts they kiſt;
There's danger ſtill, where double hearts do ſteal
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

XXVIII. *On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

ME-thinks thy *Vicar-General* bears the Keys,
And executes thy *Place* with greater eaſe,
And in one *Jubilee* enjoyes more wirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord, didſt from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadſt not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will:
Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute-charge*; To him, Kings *Tribute* pay:

Foxes have holes; thou hadst not, whereupon
To rest thy wakeful head; He snorts in *Down*:
In short, thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*, and his of Princely *Glory*.
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worship him; at thy refusal, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word:
So came thy wants so great, so great his store;
The Vicar is so *rich*; the Lord, so *poor*.

XXIX. *On the great Prelate.*

OUr Saviours *feet* were kist; the people do
The very same to thee, great *Prelate*, too:
O, who will seal but such another *Kiss*
Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

XXX. *On Idolatry.*

CAn common madness find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*?
That the Creators *Image* should adore
The senseless Image of a sensual *creature*!
If such be Gods; if such our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beasts are we?

XXXI. *On the Tables of Stone.*

THat stony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy just *Laws*; thy *Laws* were written in't:
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *stone*.

XXXII. *On mans three Enemies.*

THere's three that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Against my Soul, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*:
Lord, give me patience, if not strength; For there
Are *three* t' afflict me; I'm but one to bear.

XXXIII. *On* Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careless *eye* was grown too lavish
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *ravish*:
'Tis no less then silent invitation,
Although we scorn the sin, to give th' occasion:
Sure *Dinahs* Resolution was too strong,
Or to admit, or not *resist* a *wrong*.
And scorns to stoop to the *Adult'rers* arms,
We often burn, intending but to warm's.
She went but out to see; Perchance, to hear
What *Lust* could say: What harm to lend an ear?
Anothers sin, sometimes, procures our shames:
It stains our Bodies, or, at least, our Names.

XXXIV. *On* Fido.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *plot*,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not:
The wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t'have *peace* with men:

XXXV. *On* Jacob.

HOw *Jacob's* troop'd? *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another:
Laban resolves to apprehend his Son;
Esau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:

Me thinks, I see how Jacob *stands suppli'd,*
Like Virtue, with a voice on either side.
Laban pursues him to regain his *Gods,*
Esau t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*;
What hope has *Jacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis odds;
There will be either *Death*, or *dispossessing*:
God takes delight to turn our helper then,
When all our helps and hopes are past with men.
Laban encounters *Jacob*; He requires,
His *gods*: And *Esau*'s near at hand by this.
Laban's appeas'd; and quench'd are *Esau*'s Fires:
T' one leaves him; T' other meets him with a *Kiss*:
Jacob's in league with both. *The Soul that shall*
Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.

XXXVI. *On Drunkenness.*

IT is a *Thief*; that oft before his face,
Steals *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

XXXVII. *On a Tenise-Court.*

MAn is a *Tenise-Court*; his Flesh the *Wall*;
The Gamesters, *God*, and *Satan*; the Heart's the *Ball*;
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despair*:
The *Rackets*, which our restless *Balls* make fly,
Adversity, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls; and chalk out ev'ry *Chase*.
The *Line*'s a Civil life. we often cross;
O'r e which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Loss*:
Detractors are like *Standers by*, and bett
With Charitable men; Our *Life*'s the Sett.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults*;

Forgive

Forgive them, Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour, they'l be ſet upon our *ſcore*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this baſe *Court* has many a *falſe rebound*,
Strike, and ſtrike hard, and ſtrike above the *Line*;
Strike where thou pleaſe, ſo as the *Set* be thine.

XXXVIII. *On* Abel's *bloud.*

Abel was ſilent, but his *bloud* was ſtrong,
Each drop of guiltleſs *bloud* commands a tongue
A tongue that *cries*, 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*, 'Tis a tongue that roars
For hideous *Vengeance*, 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noiſe my bleſſed Saviours *Bloud*
Makes now in Heav'n! how ſtrong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his ſide has ſprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

XXXIX. *On the Memory.*

DOes thy corrected Frailty ſtill complain
Of thy diſloyal *Mem'ry*? Do'ſt retain
Nothing that's good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'ſt, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy falſe *Remembrance*? is the moſt
Of what th' inſpired *Prophets* tell thee, loſt
In thy unhoſpitable ears? and not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou haſt a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breaſt,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the leaſt,
The *pooreſt Sum*: No, no, thou need'ſt not fear,
There's nothing will be loſt that's taken there:
Think'ſt thou, that thou haſt loſt that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?

Or

Or can'ſt thou judge, that *Fire*, cloſ'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cauſe not ſeen, is out?
Gold, loſt in greater *Sums* is ſtill thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believe't the *Words* thine ears have loſt,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou ſhalt need them moſt.

XL. *On the Babel-builders.*

SUre, if thoſe *Babel-builders* had thought good
To raiſe their heav'n-high *Tower* before the *Flood*,
The wiſer ſort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had ſalv'd their *pride*;
Or, had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finiſht what their hands could not:
'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aim
So much to raiſe a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeek to make intruſion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confuſion*.

XLI. *On* Eſau, *and* Jacob.

ESau goes forth; ſtrives with his own diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Ven'ſon* for his Fathers Diet:
Jacob abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his Brother:
There's ſome that hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toil,
And ſeek their *Bleſſing* by their own *Turmoil*;
Whilſt others crave aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakneſs*, in a ſafer *Way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will inſtruct me,
Make *ſavory meat*, and cloath me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, theſe hands ſhall never
Truſt to the poorneſs of their own *Endeavour*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dreſſing,
'I will pleaſe my *Father*, and procure my *Bleſſing*.

XLII. *On*

XLII. *On ſeveral Sins.*

1. Groſs Sin.

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in
Into our Conſcience, wets us to the skin.

2. Sin of Infirmity.

IS like the falling of an *April-ſhower*:
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun-ſhine*, in an hour.

3. Sin of Cuſtome.

IS a long *ſhower*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of Night*.

4. Sin of Ignorance.

IT is a hideous *Miſt*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain*.

5. Crying Sins.

IT is a ſudden *ſhower*, that tears in ſunder
The *Cope* of *Heaven*, and alway comes with *thunder*.

6. Sin of Delight.

IS like a *feathered ſhower of Snow*, not felt,
But ſoaks to th' very skin, when ere it melt.

7. Sin of Preſumption.

DOes like a *ſhower of Hail*, but wet and wound
With ſudden death; or ſtrikes us to the *ground*.

The

8. *The Sin of Sins.*

IT is a *sulph'rous shower* such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes to th' *Pit of Hell.*

XLIII. *On these Showrs.*

GOod God! what *Weather* 's here! these souls of our
Have still the luck to travel in a *showre*;
Lord, we are cold and pittifully drencht;
Not a dry Thread; and all our *Fire*'s quencht:
Our very Blood is cold. Our trembling knees
Are mutual *Anvils*; Lord, we stand and freeze:
Alas, we find small comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; the showring *clouds*, our *sins*, do flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us? We dry no more,
Then if the *Sun* had given his Office o're:
Nay Lord, if now and then those *Beams* do chance
To break upon 's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *souls*; ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w' are dowz'd, and drencht agin:
In what a ease are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *Storms* have fill'd our Souls with *Cramps*,
With wavering *Palseys*, and our hoarser tongues
Can do thee service, nor in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeals are aguish, hot, and cold: They be
Extremely hot to th' *World*, as cold to *Thee*:
Our Bloud has got a *Fever*; Lord, it must
Be set on fire with every wanton *Lust*:
What Worlds of mischief are there, that prevail not
Upon our fainting Souls? What is 't we ail not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Showre*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory, Be as fierce,
As these eclipsing *Clouds* are black; Disperse

And

And clear them with thy stronger beams, that thus
Dare interpose betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my distempered Soul, Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this sinful Flesh of mine:
That though some *Drops* must fall, I may have power
Shelt'red by Thee, t'avoid the down-right *Showre*:
O let my dabbled *spirit* still retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*;
That having revel'd out some weary hours,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *Showrs*.

XLIV. *On* Dives *and* Lazarus.

DId ev'r *Judge* more equally proceed
To punish *Sin*? so right, in kind, and nature?
Poor *Laz'rus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of water:
Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,
That men may easily know the one by th' other.

See Heach's glorious Lover

XLV. *On two Suitors.*

Woer.

THe *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptial favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins *heart*:
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashful Lovers use)
Is more then half-discourag'd, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd; and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the story of his *Passion*:
He vows his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled and intire *Affection*:

He

He sues for equal mercy from her *Eye*;
And must have love; or else, for love must dye:
His present means were short, he made profession
Of a fair *Joynture*, though but small *possession*:
And in a word to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood.
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Rhet'rick* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle ears; his lips discover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*;
He smiles and fawns, and now and then lets fly
Imperious *glances* from his sparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*; with *charms*,
Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Arms*;
He boasts th' extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext:
The first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told; She lik'd the one, the other; Loth
To make a choice; She could affect them both;
The one was jocund, full of sprightly mirth;
The other better born, of Nobler Birth:
The second su'd in a compleater fashion;
I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of passion:
The first was sadly modest; And the last
More rudely pleasant. His fair looks did cast
More am'rous flames; But yet the other's eye
Did promise greater Nuptial *Loyalty*:
The last 's more rich; yet riches, but for life,
Make a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The first's *Estate* 's but small, if not made good
By death; Fair *Joyntures* comfort *Widdow-hood*:
Whom shall this *Virgin* chuse? Her thoughts approve
The last for present *Wealth*; the first, for *Love*:
Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.

Ah, silly *Virgin*! is the choice so hard
In two extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with a like respect?
Know'st thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
Submit to better judgment, and advise
With thy best *Friend*; O trust not thine own eyes.
This *last*, that seems so pleasant, so acute,
Is but a *slave*, dreſt in his Lords old *Suit*:
He brags of glory, and of princely power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hour:
The *Treasure* that he boasts, is not his own,
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known;
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th' pains
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chains*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as hee,
Believe't, It is thy *Blood* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln. Fond *Girl*
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearl*.
The *first*, whose oft-repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyal, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life 's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*,
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
March there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vows
Plight holy Contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*, and his right
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
Hee'l give thee *wealth*, and in thy wealth content,
For present means: And (when thy *glass* has spent
Her latest Sand, that time untransitory
Thy dayes) a joynture of *eternal Glory*.

XLVI. *On an old and new Garment.*

New Garments being brought, who is't that would
Not scorn to live a pris'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour at his cost,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit too strait!
They are too cumbersome! too great a weight!
No, no, the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair,
To a foul *Stable*, then t' a *Road* that's fair.

XLVII. *On Mans Co-operation.*

We are not *Blocks*; we must expect the *call*;
And, being call'd, must *move* and *rise* withall:
The *voice* were needless, and as good be dumb,
As with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deserves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by Contract, not by *Rape*.

XLVIII. *On the old and new Tables.*

The former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No sign that ever such things were; But mark,
The *latter* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*?
Or can the ruins of the old find place
In th' ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

XLIX. *On a Crucifix.*

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that* ador'd?
Does not th' Eternal Law command, that thou
Shalt even as well forbear to make, as bow?
Not to so good an *end*? T' advance his *Passion*?
The *gold* being pure, what matter for the *Fashion*?
Take heed, the purest gold does often take
Some loss some prejudice, for the fashion-sake.
Not to a *civil end*? to garnish *Halls*,
To deck our *Windows*, to adorn our *Walls*?
Shew-bread must not be common; *And the Cruse*
Of holy Oyl, admits no civil use:
No, nò; the beauty of his *Picture* lyes
Within: 'Tis the object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

L. *On praying to Saints.*

NOr pray to *Saints*, Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back'd* with *Scripture*, *strengthned with example*:
Did not that sweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water, was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
Why should Reformed *Churches* then forbid it,
'Tis true: But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

LI. *On Confession.*

EXperience tells, that *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out:
In Spiritual *Fevers*, there's the same expression
Of Health, when Lips break forth into *Confession*;
But mark, these hopeful *symptoms* never do
Confirm the Ague *gone*, but *fair to go*:

They do not alwayes work, what they portend,
Confeßion profits not, unleſs we mend.

LII. *On* Solomons *rejoyce.*

Young man rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here?
Let thy heart chear thee; What delicious Chear?
In thy young dayes; Thy cates will reliſh ſweeter:
Walk thy own wayes; Thy cares will paſs the fleeter:
Pleaſe thy own heart; Carve where it likes thee beſt:
Delight thine eyes; And be a joyful Gueſt:
But know withal, the day will come, whereon
Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'aſt done:
O what a *Feaſt!* O what a *Reck'ning's* here!
The *Cates* are ſweet; The *Shot's* extremely dear:
Lord, I have been, and am, a daily *Gueſt*
(Too oft invited) at the *young mans* Feaſt:
The *Reckning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *confeß*; Great God, before this day,
I had been dragg'd to the redeemleſs *Jayle*,
Hadſt thou not pleas'd t' accept my Saviour's *Bail*;
Lord, he muſt bear't I doubt; For I can get
Nor *coin* to pay, nor labour out the debt:
I cannot *dig*, my Joynts are ſtark and lame:
But I can *beg*, although I beg with ſhame:
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The firſt *repulſe*; I have no faith to crave:
If th' entertainments of the *Feaſt* be theſe;
Lord, give me *Famine*; take the *Feaſt* that pleaſe.

LIII. *On Bread.*

TAke up that bit of *Bread*; and underſtand,
What 'tis thou holdeſt in thy careleſs hand:
Obſerve it with thy thoughts; and it will read thee
A muſeful Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee.

We ſtir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God muſt ſend a ſeaſon for the *Plow*:
We ſow our *Seed*, but ſow our ſeed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the firſt, the latter *Rain*;
Small proof in *ſhowrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand ſhall ceaſe
To bleſs thoſe ſhowrs, nor crown them with *increaſe*;
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefreſht* by heav'n, as ſoon they dye;
The Infant-*Ears* ſhoot forth, and now begin
To corn. but God muſt hold his *Mill-dews* in;
The *Harveſt* 's come, but Clouds conſpire together;
Hands cannot work, till heav'n ſhall clear the *Weather*.
At length 'tis reap'd; between the *Barn* and *Furrow*,
How many offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part, The reſt we ſhare
To man; His providence takes now the care:
No, yet it is not ours; The uſe alone
Not bare poſſeſſion makes the thing our own:
Thy ſwelling *Barns* have crown'd thy full deſire,
But Heav'n, when Mows ſhould *ſweat*, can make them *fire*:
I but the *ſheaves* are thraſht, and the heap lies
In thy full *Garner*: he that ſent the *Flies*
To *Pharohs* Court, can, with as great an eaſe,
Send thee more waſteful *vermine*, if he pleaſe.
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded, and what though?
Gods *Curſe* is often temper'd with the *Dough*:
Believe 't the fruits of all thy toyl, is mine,
Until they be enjoy'd, as much as thine:
But now 't has fed thee: Is thy ſoul at reſt?
Perchance, thy ſtomack's dainty to digeſt.
No, if Heav'ns following favour do not laſt
From the firſt *Furrow* to the very *Laſt*,
Thy labour's loſt: The *Bread* of all thy travel,
Without that bleſſing, feeds no more than *Gravel*.
Now waſteful Man, thou may'ſt repoſe again
That Model of Gods *Prov'dence*, and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog ſhould fawn
Upon thy lap, let not ſo dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loſt:
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it coſt.

LIV. *On Faith and Reaſon.*

TRue *Faith* and *Reaſon*, are the Soul's two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore looks upward, and deſcries
Objects remote, but *Reaſon* can diſcover
Things onely near, ſees nothing thats above her:
They are not *Matches*, often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd and neither ſee:
Faith views the *Sun*, and *Reaſon* but the ſhade:
T'one courts the *Miſtreſs*, t'other wooes the *Maid*:
That ſees the *Fire*; this onely but the *Flint*,
The true-bred Chriſtian always looks a-ſquint.

LV. *On carnal Mirth.*

WHo ſeeks to quench by help of *Carnal* friends
Thoſe fiery *Errants* that the conſcience ſends,
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *Spoil*;
Drinks in a *Fever*; quenches Fire with Oyl.
Lord, if thou ſtrike my *Conſcience*; and that, *Mee*:
I will expect and truſt no Friend, but *Thee*.

LVI. *On Prayer.*

PRayer 's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flies
To th' *gates* of Heav'n; It never rots ith' skies:
If *Faith* and it be joyn'd, it wil obtain,
And melt into a firſt and later *Rain*:
If *Faith* forſake her, and they part in ſunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at leaſt, in *Thunder*.

LVII. *On*

LVII. *On* Anna.

WHat faithful *Anna* by her Tears had done,
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent, pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was less strange then rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

LVIII. *On a gift.*

NO *less* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *own*, being giv'n, great God, then 'twas before.

LIX. *On my self.*

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

LX. *On Justification and Sanctification.*

LOrd, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where ere thou *justifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evils are justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

LXI. *On Mans Love.*

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and sinfull too!
How basely do our crooked Souls engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*

To our Salvation: Mans more ſervile heart
Loves what he'd *have thee*, Lord, not what thou art:
This is the very beſt of man; wherein
W' are apt to think we *merit* more, than *ſin*:
But there's a baſer *Love*; Our chief reſpects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects*:
Like *Dogs* we fawn upon our Maſters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and onely love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baſer yet: We love for fear,
Finding, like *Cain*, more then we can bear;
And, were it not for ſhame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baſer yet, And baſer none;
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeal*, uſurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may ſin more *cloſely*, more *ſecure*:
We love thee only to abuſe thee, juſt
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloak their luſt;
How art thou martyr'd in our luſtful Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wild* deſires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *ſelf*, and all things elſe in *Thee*.

LXII. *On filial love and ſervile.*

THey'r not alike, although alike appear:
T' one fears for *Love*; The other loves for *Fear*.

LXIII. *On Grapes.*

IT is receiv'd, that *ſeed* of Grapes being ſown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Cluſters, or elſe *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitful* Vine,
Whoſe pleaſing *Berries* yield a generous Wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; theſe grapes of our
By *Nature*, are degenerous and ſowre.

But if thou pleaſe to *graft us*, we ſhall bear
Delicious fruit; which being preſt, will chear
The hearts of *Angels*, and that bleſſed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their ſprightly *Wine*.

LXIV. *On joy and grief.*

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
They would deſtroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allay'd with *Sadneſs*,
It would be Madneſs:
While *this* with *that*, or *that* with *this* contends,
They'r both my *Friends*:
But when theſe happy *Wars* do chance to ceaſe,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Paſſions* do conteſt,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at reſt.

LXV. *On Doves and Serpents.*

WE muſt have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they muſt be marſhall'd there's the *Art*;
They muſt agree, and not be far aſunder;
The *Dove* muſt hold the wily *Serpent* under:
Their natures teach what places they muſt keep,
The *Dove* can *fly*, the *Serpent* only *creep*.

LXVII. *On Chriſt, and our ſelves.*

I Wiſh a greater knowledge, then t' attain
The knowledge of *my ſelf*, a greater Gain
Than to augment *my ſelf*; a greater Treaſure
Than to enjoy my ſelf; a greater Pleaſure
Than to content my ſelf; how ſlight and vain,
Is all Self-knowledge, Pleaſure, Treaſure, Gain:

Unleſs my better knowledge could retrive
My Chriſt; unleſs my better Gain to thrive
In Chriſt; unleſs my better Wealth grow rich
In Chriſt; unleſs my better Pleaſure pitch
On Chriſt; or elſe my knowledge will proclaim
To my own heart, how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gain ſo ill-improv'd will ſhame
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am:
Or elſe my treaſure will but blur my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am:
Or elſe my pleaſures that ſo much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of ſores I am;
Lord, keep me from *my ſelf*, 'tis beſt for me,
Never to own *my ſelf*, if not in *Thee*.

LXVII. *On Man.*

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell,
With *Pride*; and fell:
How ſlight is *Man*! At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt*?

LXVIII. *On Death.*

WE all are going to the ſelf-ſame *Place*,
We onely differ in our *Way* our *Pace*:
One treads the *Common Road* of Age: Another
Travels, directly by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some croſs the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day:
Some ride on *Fevers*: Others beat the hoof,
With horſes in their hands, and make a proof
Of their own *ſtrength*: Others more fairly pace
On *beds of down*: ſome ride a ſpeedy race

On

On hot-mouth'd *Surfeits*, emulous for the *Cup*:
Some hotly-mounted fiercely gallop up
On ſpurgall'd *Broyles*, whoſe Frantick motions ſend
Their haſty Spirits to their *Journeys end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treaſure*;
Others falſe-gallop on the backs of Pleaſure:
All journey forwards to the ſelf-ſame place;
Some the next way; and ſome the faſter pace;
All poſt an end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord, in this *Common Road*, I do not care
What pace I travel, ſo my way be fair.

LXIX. *On the life of Man.*

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters day*:
Some onely break their *Faſt*, and ſo away;
Others ſtay *Dinner*, and depart full-fed;
The deepeſt age but *ſups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's moſt in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betime, has leſs, and leſs to pay.

LXX. *On Gods Image.*

IT was a *dainty piece!* In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *ſhadow* could
Be like a *ſubſtance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters* that might proclaim
Whoſe *Picture* 'twas: the Art was ſo divine
That very Beaſts did reverence, as thine:
But now alas, 'tis blurr'd; the beſt that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'Twas made for thee:
Alas, 'tis faded, ſoil'd with hourly duſt,
Sullyed, and ſhadow'd with the ſmoak of *Luſt*;

So

So ſwarth, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how ſlubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame*'s diſjoynted, warp'd, and broke,
Her curious *Tablet*'s tainted with the ſmoak:
The object's both offenſive and the ſavour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor the *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy diſpleaſed eye forſake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers ſake:
Behold it ſtill; and what thou ſeeſt amiſs,
Paſs by; think what it was, not what it is:
What though her beauty, and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like Thee when 'twas made:
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencil*; we have ſought to *Him*:
His skilful hand will waſh off all the ſoyl,
And cleanſe thy Picture with his ſacred Oyl:
Hee'l mak't more fair then 'twas; at leaſt the ſame;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*, 'twas made for none but *Thee*.

LXXXI. *On the Penny.*

HE that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*,
The *Morning*-ſorrows, and the *Mid-day*-ſweat,
The *Evening* toyl, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*, ſtood
I'th' idle *Market*, whoſe unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could ſhow
A *bluſh* of action, had his penny too:
What Wages can we merit, as our own:
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But onely *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Do more, then bid, they do but what they ſhould.

When man endeavours, and when heav'n engages
Himself by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He must expect: *We* must not look t' obtain
Because we *Run*; Nor do we *run* in vain.
Our running shows th' effect, produces none;
The *Penny* 's giv'n alike to every one
That works i'th *Vineyard*; Equal *price* was shar'd
T' unequal *workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a *Work*; I will not serve
For *Wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

LXXII. *On a Christian.*

THe Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to do
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too.
They must be mixt, and tempet'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent serves a *Pound* of *Dove*.

LXXIII. *On Gods Bounty.*

GOD freely gives, as freely we receive;
It is not *Do*, but *Ask and thou shalt have*.

LXXIV. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like to *Mountains* that arise
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning skies*:
Lord, give me *Faith*, and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

LXXV. *On the life of Man.*

A *Thousand* years with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;

By

By which account, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*,
The half whereof Nature doth claim and keep
As her own debt for sleep;
A full *sixth part* of what remains, we riot
In more then needful Diet;
Our *Infancy*, our *Childhood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
One part to cloath our Pride;
Another share we lavishly deboise
To *vain*, or *sinful* joyes:
If then, at most, the measur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *span*,
Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?
Lord, if the *Total* of our dayes do come
To so, so poor a *sum*:
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remains to *Thee*?

LXXVI. *On the Childrens Bread.*

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able.
Honour and Riches are the *Crums* that fed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*; I'm sure I shall have *Crums* enow.

LXXVII. *On Trust and Care.*

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our *Care*; nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

LXXVIII. *On* Ruſcus.

Lliterate *Ruſcus* heard *Pedantius* preach:
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, and commended
Such things alone that were above his reach:
But meanly ſlighted what he apprehended.
What hinders then to think, that *Ruſcus* hath,
At leaſt the twi-light of a *Baſtard Faith*?

LXXIX. *On the receiving of the Lords Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As ſome do Phyſick, not for *health*, but *faſhion*.
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none ſo ſtrict, none ſo reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton riot,
And call their ſurſets to a ſtricter Diet:
The time expir'd, the firſt aſſault that haps,
Prevails, and ſtrikes them to a worſe *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomits* they return agin,
As though they 'ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians* on the very top
Of all their mirth, remember *Judas Sop*.

LXXX. *On Faith.*

THo' oft-ſhaken *Tree* grows faſter at the root, (*Doubt.*
And *Faith*'s moſt firm, that's ſometimes urg'd with

LXXXI. *On the Story of Man.*

THe *word* was ſpoke; And what was *Nothing*, muſt
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke; the *Duſt* began to thicken
To a firm *Clay*; the *Clay* began to quicken:

The

The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Fleſh*, the moiſter turn'd to *Blood*;
Received *Organs*, and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*:
It was imbelliſht with the excellence
Of *Reaſon*; It became the *Height of Nature*,
Being *ſtampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd,
Her Beauty 's *blaſted*, and her Tablet 's *raz'd*;
This height of Nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelf, declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*:
Meer *Fleſh* and *Bloud*, containing but a day
Of painted pleaſure, and but *breathing Clay*.
Whoſe moiſture, dry'd with his own ſorrow, muſt
Reſolve, and leave him to his former *Duſt*;
Which duſt, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time conſumes, and brings to his firſt *nothing*.
Thus from this *nothing*, from this *Duſt*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to *Duſt*, to *Nothing* Man.

LXXXII. *On* Ananias.

THe *Land* was his, The *land* was his alone,
'Twas ſold, and now the *money* was his own;
The power remain'd in the *Poſſeſſors* hand,
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it coſt his *life*, his *blood*.
If thoſe that give may not reſume agin,
Without a *Puniſhment*, without a *Sin*,
What ſhall become of thoſe whoſe unjuſt power
Diſpoyls the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who take her Profits, and inſtead of giving
Encreaſe to her revenues, make a living
Upon her ruins, growing plump and full
Upon her wants, being clothed in her *Wool*,

While

While ſhe ſuſtains th' extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouſon-monger*;
Who thruſt their *Fleſh-hooks*, in their thirſty Pot,
And onely leave her, what they value not:
The whilſt her ſacred *Prieſts* that daily tread
Their ſlighted *Corn*, muſt beg their early *Bread*;
Or elſe, be forc'd to purchaſe eaſie ſhares
With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*:
Let ſuch turn back their ſacrilegious eyes,
And ſee how breathleſs *Ananias* lies;
Behold the Wages that his ſin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to theſe *Alpes* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*; did but conceal
Some parts he gave; But your falſe fingers ſteal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Poſſeßion*:
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppreßion*:
O, if no leſs then the *firſt death* was due
To him, what *death* d' ye think 's prepar'd for you;
So often as your pamper'd eyes ſhall look
On your Eſtates, think on the *Flying Book*.

LXXXIII. *On pious uſes.*

THey that in life oppreſs, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious uſes* at their death,
Are like thoſe Drunkards, being laid to ſleep
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*.
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I preſume,
Their ſeveral actions ſend the like *perfume*.

LXXXIV. *On* Sophronia.

THe chaſte *Sophronia* knows not how to ſcape
Th' inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruel *Sophronia* draws her haſty knife,
And would relieve her Chaſtity with *life*:

Doubtful

Doubtful *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the *one*, and t' *other* too:
Sophronia's in a ſtrait; One eye is fixt
O' th' *ſeventh* Command'ment, t'other, on the *ſixt*.
To what Extremes is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven*?

LXXXV. *On the knowing Man.*

HE's like a *luſty Soil*, whoſe *Moiſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*.

LXXXVI. *On* Romes *Pardon.*

IF *Rome* could *pardon* ſins, as *Romant* hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Judgment might determine which
To chooſe; To be *Religious*, or elſe *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*; *Pardons* may be ſold:
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines* for Gold.

LXXXVII. *On the World.*

THe *World* compos'd of *Heav'n* and *Earth*, 's the ſtory
Of Gods *Eternal*, and Mans *Temp'ral Glory*.

LXXXVIII. *On formal Devotion.*

MEn do God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They ſtay, and ſtay; then gulp it down in haſte,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*:
Whoſe *druggy* taſte goes ſo againſt their mind,
That oft, the better part is left behind;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

LXXXIX. *On*

LXXXIX. *On heavenly Manna.*

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *Lands* receive
The Fragment of those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year;
We need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take unmeasur'd from the bounteous heap:
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*:
We never board, but toss from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land:
Our satiate stomachs are so lavish fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I fear, when careless children play
With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take away.

XC. *On Natural Sins.*

TO murther *Parents*, or our Selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnatural Sin*.
By nature, we are apt to fall into't,
I rather think't unnatural *not to do't*:
If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere again
The very course of Nature, *not to sin*.

XCI. *On the Arke.*

IF *Floods* of Tears shall drown my *World* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke, retains within,
A cursed *Cham* to store the *World* again:
What then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashful *Japheth*.

XCII. *On* Sophronia.

Sophronia chooſes rather to commit
Self-murder, then by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honour to th' injurious truſt
Of the *eye-ſparkling* Tyrants furious *Luſt*:
What means *Sophronia*? Dare her conſcience frame
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*.

XCIII. *On a fair Proſpect.*

Look up, and there I ſee the fair abode
And glorious *Manſion* of my gracious God:
Look down; in every garniſht corner lies
Favours objected to my wondring eyes:
Look on my right hand; There the ſweet encreaſe
Of joyes preſent me with a joyful *Peace*:
Look on my left hand; There my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my ſelf, to God:
Look forward; There I ſee the lively ſtory
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory*:
Look backward; There my thankful eye is caſt
On *Sins* remitted, and on *Dangers* paſt:
Look inwards; And mine eye is made partaker,
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*.
Look up, or *down*, *about*, *above*, or *under*:
Nothing but Objects of true *Love*, and *Wonder*.

XCIV. *On Reſolution.*

If thou haſt given me *Wealth*, Great God, I crave
Content, and Grace to *have* the goods I have;

If

If otherwiſe, thy will be done; I crave not
So much to *have*, as uſe the goods *I have not*:
Lord, make me *Thine*, and then I ſhall appear,
If not thine *Alm'ner*, yet thy *Beadſman* here.

XCV. *On the Worlds Welcome.*

EArths Entertainments are like thoſe of *Jail*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*.

XCVI. *On our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Task* as God, ſhe muſt exempt
All carnal *ſenſe*: Thy *Reaſon* muſt releaſe
Her *pow'r*, thy *Fancy* muſt be bound to th' *peace*;
Thy *Spirits* muſt be rapt, they muſt exile
Thy *Fleſh*, and keep a *Sabbath*, for a while:
Thou muſt *forget* thy ſelf, and take ſtrong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and ſhake eternal hands
With thy rebellious *Luſt*; diſcard and clear
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou muſt think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spiritual*, a *moſt perfect* Being,
Pure, *Simple*; At the ſelf-ſame inſtant, ſeeing
Things Preſent, Paſt, and Future; One whoſe *Might*
Whoſe *Wiſdom*, *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himſelf*, being great
Without a *Quantity*, and moſt Compleat,
Without *Degrees*: Eternal without *ſpace*
Of *Time*: At all times preſent, without *Place*:
Think thus, and when thy *thoughts* can *ſoar* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *ſilent*, and *admire*.

XCVII. *On Faith.*

He that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*,
Because he wants it, hath a true *Belief*;
And he that grieves, because his *Grief*'s so small,
H'as a true *Grief*, and the best *Faith* of all.

XCVIII. *On Mans Folly.*

Deots, and Sense-bound *Lunaticks*, discern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coin*;
Brute *Beasts*, by *Instinct* of Nature, will decline
Th' alluring *Bait*, and Sense-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that seem ne'r so *sweet*; this ne'r so *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greatest *Master-piece* will chuse,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beasts*, and *Babes* refuse:
Delights in dangerous *Pleasures*, and beneath
The name of *Joyes*, pleases himself to *death*.

XCIX. *On Glory.*

That *Saint* in Heav'n, whose *Glory* is the least,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the best:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treasure:
No diff'rence 'twixt *Pauls* glory and *mine*, but *Measure*.

C. *On Reward.*

When holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*; we read not, *For*, but still, *According*.

The End of the Third Book.

DIVINE FANCIES

The Fourth Book.

I. *A good Morrow.*

THis Day: Unfold thine Arms; Arise, and rouse
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning *Vows:*
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoke
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke:
Then may'st thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

II. *A good Night.*

CLose now thine Eyes, and rest secure;
Thy *Soul* is safe enough, thy *Body* sure:
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling Conscience in a sleeping breast
Has onely peace, has onely rest:
The musick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *Discords*, when she sings:
Then close thine Eyes, and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure,

XIII. *On a Printing-House.*

THe *World*'s a *Printing House*; our *words*, our *thoughts*,
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of sev'ral sizes;
Each *Soul* is a *Compositor*, of whose faults
The Levites are *Correctors*: Heav'n *revises*;
Death is the *common Press*, from whence being driven
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heav'n*.

XIV. *A Dialogue between* Gabriel, *and* Mary.

GABRIEL.

HAil blessed *Mary*: MA. What celestial tongue
Calls sinful *Mary* blessed? GAB. It is I.
MA. Who art thou? GAB. I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: MA I faint, I dye.
GAB. Fear not sweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* shall be
Made Debters to thy *Womb*, and blest in thee.
MA. How Lord? GAB. Thy *Virgin-womb* shall bear a *Son*,
That shall *redeem* the world. MA. My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to pass? such things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
GAB. The *Holy Ghost* at his appointed hour,
Shall make thee pregnant by his sacred power.
MA. *Wonder* of Wonders! GAB. At whose *height* the Quire
Of *Heav'n*, stand ravisht, tremble, and admire.
MA. O may it be according to thy Word.
GAB. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou shalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
MA. Both *heav'n* and *earth* shall triumph, and the *frame*
Of hell shall tremble at *Maria*'s name:
GAB. All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Mary*'s womb.

XV. *On* Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would please to purge thy *Soul* as well
As *Rome* thy *purse*, thou need'st not fear a Hell.

XVI. *On the Life of Man.*

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th' great *Musician*,
Full of harmonious *Airs*, and dainty choice
But spoil'd with *Discords*, and too much *Division*:
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voice*:
We miss our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*:
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

VII. *On* Mary.

FOur *Maries* are eterniz'd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charles* the *fourth*.

a very bad one with a Witness of the Charles himself!

VIII. *On the Church.*

LEt not thy *blackness* move thee to despair,
Black Women are belov'd of men that't fair:
What if thy hair her flaxed brightness lack?
Thy *Face* is comely though thy *Brow* be black.

IX. *On the two Essences.*

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect, hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light,
And feeble lustre of the Lamp of night:

Her *Rayes* are faint, and her reflection thin,
Diſtain'd with nat'ral blemiſhes within;
Inconſtant, various; having of her own,
No light at all, or light as good as none:
When too much earth ſhall interpoſe, and ſlips
Betwixt theſe Lights, our ſouls are in th' *Eclips*.

X. *On our Saviours Paſſion.*

THe earth did tremble, and heavens cloſed eye
Was loth to ſee the *Lord* of *Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmony*; the clouds dropt *tears*:
Th' ambitious Dead aroſe to give him room;
And ev'ry grave did gape to be his *Tomb*:
Th' affrighted heav'ns ſent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation*, loos'd, to loſe their *Founder*;
Th' impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two,
To teach our hearts, what our ſad hearts ſhould do:
Shall ſenſeleſs things do this, and ſhall not I
Melt one poor drop to ſee my Saviour die!
Drill forth, my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have pierc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

XI. *On* Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter*! For he took a Fiſh
That ſtor'd his *purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*,
Whoſe bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him;
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
He catcht by chance: *Theſe catch* the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *Theſe* catch them when they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their baites are onely for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe:
Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come*,
There is no Fiſhing to the Sea ---- *of* Rome.

XII. *On*

XII. *On* Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou doſt,
Compare the *penn'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

XIII. *On Faith and Hope.*

HOw much the ſtronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

XIV. *On Water and Wine.*

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turns a loyal *wife*:
Our bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

XV. *On Age.*

HOw *freſh blood* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It moſt diſdains the *thing* it moſt deſires.

XVI. *On a Fig-tree.*

A Chriſtian's like a *Fig-tree* that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or bloſſoms, all the year:
No wonder then, our Saviour curſt that Tree;
Fig-trees are always dead, where no Figs bee.

XVII. *On* Rhemus.

RHemus, Upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell:

And

And that a gold-bought *Maß* will clear th' offence,
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would ſpare
To ruine Wife, or to diſ-land an Heir,
Rather then feel ſuch torments, you pretend,
That equal Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be ſuch,
How dare you be ſo bold to die ſo rich!

XVIII. *On* Jacob.

NE'r boaſt thy *Bargain, Jacob*; For poor wee
Have made a better contract far, then thee.
We envy not his Land thou didſt inherit:
Our Brother took our *Fleſh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

XIX. *On* Simon Magus.

Simon, Bring Gold enough, and I will tell thee
Where thou ſhalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *ſell* thee:
Repair to his *Succeſſors*; they are free
And frolick *Gameſters*, not ſo ſtrict as hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not ſtand
To ſell good Pen'worths at the *ſecond hand*:
They'l ſell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater noſter*, where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purſe be like an empty *ſhell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *ſell*.

XX. *On the Biſhop of* Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou wert that *Rock*,
Whereon the *Church* was founded; couldſt *unlock*
The *gates* of Heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Priſ'ner*, and the Fiends obey;

Thy

Thy Papal Dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

XXI. *On* Milo.

DOe, ſtrive to enter, *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged paſſage ſtrait;
Leſſen thy ſelf, and faſt thy carkaſs thin;
ſake in thy *fleſh* 'twill get thee eaſier in:
Look up to Heav'n 'twill raiſe thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *alms*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy baſe corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half-loſt for want of ſpirit;
Let not thy daſtard, and dull thoughts diſdain
Thoſe works which cold *deſpair* miſtakes, as vain:
Take heed, let not thy queazy ſoul repine
Againſt thoſe *Actions* which are none of thine;
Heav'n bids thee ſhine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Do thou thy beſt, leave the ſucceſs to him:
Follow thy *work*; And when thy Soul ſhall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* ſhall follow thee.

XXII. *On* Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*; 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the beſt ſtring they challenge to their Bow;
But ev'ry hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done as well as good:
When wandering Paſſengers have loſt their way,
No ſort of men that ride ſo faſt as they.

XXIII. *On three dayes and nights.*

THou know'ſt our dying Saviour did repoſe
On *Fryday*; On the *Sabbath*, he aroſe;

Tell

Tell me, by what account can he be ſaid
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyed for all the World: what wanted here,
Was full ſupply'd in t'other *Hemiſphear*.

XXIV. *On* Tobits *Dog.*

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog*! what *grace*, what *glory*
Thus to be Kennel'd in the Eternal *Story*:
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* ſever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits Dog* ſhall live for ever.

XXV. *On the Goſpel.*

WHen two *Evangeliſts* ſhall ſeem to vary
In one diſcourſe, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*:
One truth doth guide them both; One Spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to believe them both.

XXVI. *On* Servio.

Servio 'tis ſcarcely worth thy pains, to ſmother
Or to ſubdue one ſin and hug another:
Believe it, *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potential *Slave* to all.

XXVII. *On* Formio.

Formio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are ſeal'd from oaths upon that day:
Formio is clad in black, and will abſent
His fleſhly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Think'ſt thou, that *Formio's* ſhaking hands with ſin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet agin.

XXVIII. *On*

XXVIII. *On* John *and* Jesus.

John was the *Morning-Star* that did forerun
The long-wisht rising of our glorious *Sun*:
The first word that *Johns* preaching lips expressed
Was this, *Repent*; Our Saviours first, was *Blessed*:
John makes the incision; *Jesus* makes it sound:
Jesus ne'r cures, where *John* ne'r made a wound.

XXIX. *On Dispossessing.*

WE read, A broyled Fishes *heart* will scare
A frighted Devil from a troubled brest:
We read again, by *Fasting* and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack's* onely dispossest:
What this affirms, that flatly does denye;
With reverence to the Text, *the one's a lye.*

XXX. *On* Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me
That never leaves to *dance* until she win me
To grant her Suit; will never cease to plead
Until I give her my *John Baptists* head:
O then my sorrow would be past her date,
And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late.

XXXI. *On* Malfido.

Satans Injections are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted o're the Wall,
Whose loathsome smell unsent thy sweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unless we make them ours:
They'l die, neglected; if thou lend them room,
They'l stink; but eas'ly thrown from whence they come:

Fear

Fear not, *Malfido*, thoſe be they that ſpoil
Thy Flowr's, that ſuck their *ſubſtance* from the ſoil.

XXXII. *On Slanders.*

WHen undeſerv'd report diſtains my name,
It *ſhames* not, but perchance prevents a *ſhame*.

XXXIII. *On Law and Goſpel.*

THe *Law* is tough, the *Goſpel* mild and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

XXXIV. *On a Boſome-ſin.*

THat *ſin* that finds more credit then the reſt,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *breſt*;
That in the *Boſome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *diſh*, Sayes, *Is it I?*
That gives thee *kiſſes*, that's the *ſin* that ſlayes thee;
O that, O that's the *Judas* that betrays thee.

XXXV. *On the World.*

THe World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in Mans heart;
'Tis falſly *printed*, though divinely *penn'd*,
And all th' *Errata* will appear at th' *end*.

XXXVI. *On my Soul.*

MY weather-beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin,
But now afflictions *ſtorm* does drive and toſs
Her batter'd *Keel*; the wind is loud and croſs:

Fear

Fear fills her tatter'd *ſails*, and *doubts* do drive her
She knows not where, and of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus tranſported by the troubled Air
Amongſt the ſwallowing *Quickſands* of deſpair;
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruine* ev'ry hour:
O, that mine eyes could rain a *ſhowr* of tears,
That, that would lay the *ſtorm* of all my fears.

XLIII. *On the Cuckoe.*

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feaſt
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own ith' neſt;
The ſilly Bird ſhe owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks, and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe, nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt:
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhe at length
Not caring for that tender care that bred her;
Forgets her Parent, kills the *Bird* that feed her:
The *ſin* we foſter in our boſome thus;
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

XXXVIII. *On* Tobit.

WAs it not time to ſend his ſon to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

XXXIX. *On* David.

WHo ever ſung ſo high, ſo rapt an *Io*
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?

But

But when thy more divine *Urania* ſung,
What glorious Angel had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more then moſt *Divine*.

XL. *On a Monument.*

SEeſt thou that *Mon'ment*? Doſt thou ſee how Art
Does poliſh nature to adorn each part
Of that rare work, whoſe glorious Fabrick may
Commend her beauty to an after-day?
Is't not a dainty piece? and apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Piece encloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noiſome putrid Carkaſs, half-devour'd
By crawling *Cannibals*; diſguis'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſcent
Would poiſon thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n ſuch a piece art thou, who ere thou be
That read'ſt theſe Lines; This *Monument* is *thee*:
Thy body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And art conſpire to heighten up a creature
To ſome perfection, being a living Story
And rare abridgment of his Makers glory;
But full of loathſome *Filth*, and naſty *Mire*,
Of luſt, uncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire,
Curious without, but moſt corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *Sin*.

XLI. *On* Plauſus.

PLauſus has built a *Church*; And leſt his Glory
Should die, has boaſted his vain-glorious Story

Upon

Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtful Name:
Plauſius, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known,
Thou either ſeek'ſt *Gods glory*, or thy *own*.

XLII. *On* Cenſorio.

THou blam'ſt the *Age*, condemns the *dayes* of *crimes*;
If thou wouldſt mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend the (*Times*.

XLIII. *On Fools of both kinds.*

SOme ſcorn the Croſs, whilſt others *fall before it*;
Some *ſit*, and take the Bread, and ſome *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
Fools act a Sin, whilſt they decline a Vice.

XLIV. *On the Name of* Jeſus.

IT is the common courſe of man to double
The Name of *Jeſus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a ſtyle to pleaſe us,
Jeſu 's no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Jeſus*.

XLV. *On the Woman with the Iſſue.*

HOw could thy Soul, fond Woman, be aſſur'd
Thy long diſeaſe could be ſo eaſily cur'd?
What? couldſt thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing Bloud?
Or was't becauſe our bleſſed Saviour wore it?
Or why? I read not, that thou didſt adore it:
He ne'r ſo much as own'd thee, Woman; Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments*, wrought the Cure.

XLVI. *On our Redemption.*

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no leſs than *Blood* and *Death*;
How much a greater labour is it, than
To *waſh* a Sinner, than to *make* a Man?

XLVII. *On Gods Arm.*

'TWas not that he was *weak*; or thou ſo *ſtrong*;
He dy'd ſo ſoon, or that thou *liv'ſt* ſo long:
The head-ſtrong Ox is haled to the ſlaughter,
When the poor *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after,
When Heav'ns victorious *Arm* ſhall pleaſe to ſtrike,
The *Giant*, and the *Pigmie* are alike.

XLVIII. *On our bleſſed Saviour.*

O Thou that wert the *King* of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privy Chamber*, *Mari's* knees thy *Table*;
Thieves were thy *Courtiers*, and the Croſs thy *Throne*.
Thy *Dyet* Gall; A wreath of Thorns thy *Crown*;
All this the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *Slaves* before.

XLIX. *On* Corduplo.

KEep in thy *Actions*, and maintain the *Fences*
Of thy cloſ'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senſes*;
Thou ſhalt deceive both man and Devil too,
And mayeſt be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devil's power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our ſelves.

L. *On Dreams.*

WHo dreams a *Sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, ſins as if he did it;
Which, if thy ſlumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th'art ſafe, if thou haſt dream'd thou didſt *repent*.

LI. *On* Adam.

HOw ſoon poor *Adam*, was thy *freedom* loſt,
Forfeit to Death, e're thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends, that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r ſlept, untill they ſlept for ever.

LII. *On Sins and Bleſſings.*

WE write thy *Common Bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtream; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favours we entruſt
To the dry Sand, detac'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowl of *ſins* are written down
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extreme miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Laws* in *Blood*:
Lord, let us change our *Table*, or our *Story*;
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*, thou more *Glory*.

LIII. *On* Celia.

CElia complains, her heart cannnot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell:
'Tis too too proud with blood perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:

Alas, no Launce can pierce it, it is grown
More hard then *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine-ſtone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her own-made *Duſt*.

LIV. *On* Puſillus.

Puſillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but ſtill, in want repines:
And like a bad-nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well-adviſ'd, *Puſillus*, Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

LV. *On Belief.*

THe Devils do *believe*, I know they do:
But their *belief* does make them *tremble* too.

LVI. *On* Craſtinio.

Paſt time is gone, the *Future* is to be,
Craſtinio, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee:
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt die before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*, 's now grown out of date;
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *Laſt*'s uncertain, and the *firſt* is gone;
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio*'s thine, or none.

LVII. *On an Hour-glaſs.*

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſs*, wherein
Each ſev'ral *ſand* that paſſes, is a Sin:
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run,
Our *ſins* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

LVIII. *On*

LVIII. *On* Cain.

Cain, 'tis true: It was, and did appear
A *Punishment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadst had a *Faith*, and couldst have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*,
Thy greater patience either might outworn it;
Or found more able *ſhoulders* to have born it.

LIX. *On* Ticio.

Ticio ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how faſt the howers run:
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeekſt to *find*?

LX. *On* Sortio. A Gamster

Sortio, that mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou break'ſt *two* great *Commandments* at a throw:
The *Third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou break'ſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that plays *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

LXI. *On* Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, and no leſs
To thy renowned Scholar, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſsis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

LXII. *To* Henry *Earl of* Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-ſhine* of great *Cæſar's* Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flie
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claim
Aſſiſtance from thy *Bloud*, t'enrich thy Name;
But what it is that mounts thee up ſo high,
The *World* ſhall tell thee, *Henry*, and not *I*:
Bloud gives no *Virtue*, nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Tranſitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæſar's Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæſar* bids thee *Flie*.

LXIII. *On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

VVHich is the greater Sin, and which the leſs?
Which finds the *ſharper*? which the *milder rod*?
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *Beaſt*,
Or turn the Image of a Beaſt to *God*?
Thrice happy is that Soul, and more than thrice,
That buys no knowledge at ſo dear a price.

LXIV. *On Dying.*

HE that would die once well, muſt often try;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*, and the World our *School*,
Wherein w'are taught by *Example*, as by *Rule*:
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Goſpel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

LXV. *On Ravens and Lillies.*

ARe not the *Ravens*, Great God, ſuſtain'd by thee;
And wilt thou cloath the *Lillies*, and not mee?

I'le

I'le ne're diſtruſt my God for *Cloth* and *Bread*,
Whilſt *Lillies* flouriſh, and the *Raven's* fed.

LXVI. *On degrees of Sin.*

CUrſes proportion to the *Sins* degree:
Adam had *one*; *Eve too*; the Serpent, *three*.

LXVII. *A laſt Will.*

MY Life's my *dying day*, wherein I ſtill
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soul* I do bequeath to God; provided,
That ſo ſmall *Legacies* may be divided
Among my *Friends*: *Item*, my *Sins* I give
To my dear *Jeſus*, whether die or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refreſh
The tender frailty of my feeble Fleſh,
My leſſer *Cares*: I do bequeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-ſpun-Cloth*, to cover,
And hide her ſhame; and *Food* for needfull diet;
Some *ſleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Diſtemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleaſure* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poor helpleſs brother,
I give: My *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whoſe watchful eyes I muſt deſire ſtill,
To be the *Over-ſeers* of my *Will*.

LXVIII. *On our* Jeſus.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we ſtrive to ſhun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide ſpread Arms ſeeke *Refuge* there,
It will ſecure us from the *harms* we fear.

LXIX. *To King* Charles.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Inſtrument*;
The divers ſorts of people repreſent
The *ſtrings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*:
Some *Trebles*, and ſome *Means*, and ſome are *Baſes*;
The potent Rulers the *Muſitians* are;
The Muſick ſometimes *peace*, and ſometimes *war*:
The Lawes are like the *Ruled-Books* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practiſe by:
Play on, Great *Charles*, Heav'n make thy *ſtrings* as ſtrong
And true, as thou art skilful; Raviſh long
The Worlds wide ears, with thy diviner *Airs*,
That whoſoever to thy Land repairs.
May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

LXX. *A Riddle.*

THe Goods we ſpend, we *keep*; and what we ſave,
We *loſe*; and onely what we loſe, we *have*.

LXXI. *On* Glorioſo.

NE'r vaunt, *Glorioſo*, that thou oft reliev'ſt
The poor; *Glorioſo*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'ſt:
Boaſt what's thy own, thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee with a *Clauſe* to give:
Put caſe it were thy own thou gav'ſt, what then?
Thy own *Applauſe* hath paid thy own agen.

LXXII. *On* Judas.

TWO *hundred pence!* what's that to thee? But ſay
That ſo much Oyntment had been caſt away;

The

The *Coyn* that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

LXXIII. *On an* Impropriator.

LOrd, how he ſwells! as if he had had at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breaſt:
A *Common-wealth*, 'twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell ye
He has a leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

LXXIV. *On the ſame.*

PRodigious Stomack! what a gruel deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a *meal*:
'Tis very ſtrange that Nature ſhould deliver
So good a *Stomack* to ſo bad a *Liver*.

LXXV. *On* Lucro.

LUcro, it is believ'd, thy *Conſcience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *ſtretching leather*.
Me thinks thy *Conſcience* rather ſeems too ſmall;
So far from *large*, I fear th'aſt *none at all*.

LXXVI. *On* GOD.

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for ev'ry *ſlip*
That mortals make, or ſpur for ev'ry *trip*;
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* left free t' inflict another wound:
Hackneys and ſpur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *we*.

LXXVII. *On Sleep and Death.*

IT is receiv'd, that *Sleep's* the *elder Brother*;
I see no reason for't; I think, the other:
Though *Sleep* does now usurp the upper hand,
I'm sure, that *Death* does sweep away the *Land*.

LXXVIII. *To* Rhemus.

THy Conscience tells thee, that to make debate
'Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to subvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a freedom more then we, wherein
To do against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

LXXIX. *On* Glorioso.

HE that relieves his Brother in distress,
And seeks no vain *Applause*, does nothing less
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthless *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*.
But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*, 'tis but *lost*.

LXXX. *To God.*

I Wonder, Lord; thou shouldst so much desire
Our *younger days*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
When ev'ry *Room's* unfurnisht, and not one
Fit for the presence of so great a *Guest*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not so much as drest
With *common* sense, when as th'unburnisht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint

But

But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of *Heav'nly knowledge*; Lord, what haſt thou ment
To make ſuch choice, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither means, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper *Age*
Wherein the *Toys* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtfull Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper Souls ſhall be eſtated
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not, this been thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us to entertain?
No; thou, Great God, thou art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature;
Thou knewſt the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchief, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arm, Thou knew'ſt that ev'ry hower
Gave new increaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinfull *ſhafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knew'ſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worſe; from worſe, to worſt of all,
Thou kneweſt that *growing Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'ſt the beſt of evil:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that being poſſeſt
Of that, thou mayeſt preſcribe for all the reſt.

LXXXI. *On* Partio.

THou ſayſt, Thy *Will* is good, and glori'ſt in it,
And yet forget'ſt thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *will* allow'd
When the Teſtator's *mem'ry* was not good?

LXXXII. *On an evil Conſcience.*

WHat Hells of *Horrour* an evil *Conſcience* brings!
What ſtrange *Chimera's*! what prodigious *things*!
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We ſin: but leaſt, when moſt we ſin agin it.

LXXXIII. *To* Mundano. *A Worldling.*

NE'r think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as earth ſeems glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never riſe:
Believe't *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou get'ſt to Heav'n, the *leſs* will earth appear.

LXXXIV. *To my Friend.*

WOuldſt thou be proſp'rous, though the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile tell thee how:
Call home thy deareſt *wiſhes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worſt that can befall:
If't come, thy heart will be the more ſecure,
The leſs amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no loſs;
Perchance it arms thee for another *Croſs*:
Thus wiſely ſheltred under this relief,
Thy *Joy* ſhall be the leſs, and leſs thy *Grief*.

LXXXV. *To* Malfido.

CHear up, *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make ſure of *Grace*, and ne'r ſuſpect thy *Food*:

He

He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evil
No more then thou, being *evil*, canſt wiſh a good:
He better knows to give, then thou to begge,
Thou whin'ſt for *Stones*, and grumbleſt at an *Egge*:
O, let this better will ſuſpend thy wiſh,
And thou ſhalt find no *Scorpion*, if no *Fiſh*.

LXXXVI. *On* Crucio. *Self-tormentor*

THou ſtill complain'ſt that *ſorrows* do attend thee
And that their *favours* do ſo much annoy thee;
Miſtake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engines*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy thee:
Wilt thou miſlike thy Crops of ſwelling *Corn*,
Becauſe th'are trench't, and fenc'd about with *thorn*?

LXXXVII. *To* Rhemus.

TIs true, we are but *duſt*, but *worms*; nay men,
That are more baſe then either; And what then?
Shall *worms*, or *duſt*, or *men*, be well-adviſ'd,
To go in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God; I, do:
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid rhe *Welcome* too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *perſon*, you appear
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
'Tis better to be *wiſely bold*, then make
Thy ſelf unmannerly for *manners* ſake:
Some ill-bred Clownes there be, that being loth
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloth*.

LXXXVIII. *To* Macio. *a Repiner*

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorn,
Thou muſt be made a *Jewel*, to be worn

In

In *Abr'ams bosom: Macio*, he that comes
To *Abr'ams bosom*, finds his ways by *Crumms*.

LXXXIX. *On Reproof.*

'Tis not enough to strive again the *Act*,
Or not to do't; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; the *Sin* being once made known
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *own*;
We must *dissuade* the Vice we scorn to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

XC. *On* Curio.

Two *Ears* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith*, one *Heart* we have;
Why so? I'le tell thee, *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half-belief*.

XCI. *On* Zelustus.

Zelustus thinks his pains are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth *Zeal* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table*, 't tyers in the *last*;
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,
Zelustus, that spend'st *Six*, and keep'st but *Four*?

XCII. *On* Philautos.

Philauto's Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unless to feed on *Crumms* of vain Applause;
Take heed *Philautos*, lest thou heed too late,
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

XCIII. *On*

XCIII. *On* Dubius.

Dubius, Thy ears are *two*, thy tongue but *one*;
Hear God and Priest, *Confess* to God alone.

XCIV. *To Sir* Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolls.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory days, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee
A faithfull *Friend*, equal in love, degree:
Lands fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastless *hand*; a Charitable *purse*.
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Mind*;
A sober knowledge, with true *Wisdom* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Dyet* without Art,
Surfeit, or warm; A wisely simple *Heart*;
Pastimes ingenuous, lawfull, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd, and an equal *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and constant to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure:
Actions heroick, constant, blameless, pure,
A life as long as fair; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

XCV. *On* Lucro.

Lucro, how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* had made thee?
How miserable poor! it has betray'd thee
To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
As little thine, or less, than thou, thy own:

Alas

Alas, poor *Lucro*, how thy fruitful pawns
Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawns
For a good Morsel, while thy *Saint* does rome
Like a *Decoy* t'entice ev'l *Angels* home;
Whose more imperious presence must controul
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
Lucro, be slave no longer to thy pelf;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee;
I'le tell thee *Lucro*, turn thy *Saint* to me:

XCVI. *On* Mendax. *A Liar*

FAir-spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,
Swears by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well-advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure small's thy Wit or Credit to be drawn,
For *Wares* so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

XCVII. *On* Blandus.

WHen e're I wish my *Blandus* a good Morow
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiss my hand:
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
I am your *Servant*; if he drink to me,
My *Servant* does it; I return his love,
My *Servant* pledges; if my lips do move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; though I do
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much.

How

How much, dear *Blandus*, haſt thou bound me thine
That art his *Servant*, not ſo much, as mine!

XCVIII. *On* Rebellio.

THe ſtout *Rebellio*, ſcourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r owns the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not ſtout too long;
Neglected *ſtripes* do oft return more ſtrong;
A ſtubborn *ſilence* more ill nature ſhows,
Then *ſobs* of Stomack, and deſerves more blows.

XCIX. *On God and Gold.*

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot poſſeſs one heart;
My *God* and I, or *Gold* and I, muſt part.

C. *To* James *Archbiſhop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know, nor care,
What ſecret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chair*,
If any; I dare boldly ſay, 'tis more
Since thou ſat'ſt there, then ere it was before;
Go on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As ſure it will) ſhall drown S. *Patricks glory*;
Ierna will (as now *Ierna* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Iſle of Saints.*

CI. *On a waking Conſcience.*

THere is a kind of *Conſcience* ſome men keep,
Is like a member that's benumb'd with ſleep;
Which as it gathers bloud, and wakes agen,
It *ſhoots*, and *pricks*, and *feels* as big as *ten*.

CII. *On our Affections.*

O How preposterous *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, love God to serve our turn.

CIII. *On* Zelustus. *Precise*

Zelustus wears his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crows*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptoms of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of fashion*.

CIV. *On* Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? evermore alike, strike?
Both when *Heav'n* strikes, and when he leaves to
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heav'n do not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry
For thy own good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scourge thee worse for *whining*.

CV. *On* Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva-Ruffe*, nor steeple-*Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cypress* out of date;
Thy nock-shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose*, cross-garter'd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit* of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*;
'Tis none of these, *Zelustus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
The least applause from heav'n, Heaven never meant
A Christians *Conscience* should be bound or bent

To *ſhapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

CVI. *On* Conſcio.

ART thou revil'd, and ſlander'd? and yet whine?
I fear th'art guilty; Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltleſs) that it cannot ſtoop
Beneath ſo poor a *burthen*, and not droop?
He that has fire at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complain
The weather 's cold abroad; make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle again.
Thou mayeſt *appear*, but not be this the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſs thee; Do, let *Shimei* curſe.

CVII. *To* God.

THy ſacred will be done, great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend, thy *Rod*:
If poſſible, my will 's to miſs it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoop, and *kiſs it*.

CVIII. *On Devotion.*

WE muſt not onely *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To man; *Pauls cloak* muſt be remembred *too*.

CIX. *On the Chriſtian.*

TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* ſhould
Be *fair* within, ſhe muſt be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle-work* cloaths her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true-born *Chriſtians* muſt as well be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

XCX. *On Mercy and Justice.*

GOds *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same:
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

CXI. *On* Aulicus. *A courtier*

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend, we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts: he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry,
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes; Now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his actions must be wonder'd at:
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd;
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O, *Aulicus* 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in *spiritual honour* too.

XCXII. *To* Rhemus.

FAith must be joyn'd to works, *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

CXIII. *On*

CXIII. *On* Tortus. *Crookedness*

TIs not the bearing of the *Croſs*, or *Cup*
Of thy affliction; Thou muſt take them up:
Nor is't the taking up alone, will do,
Tortus, thou muſt, *take up*, and *follow* too.

CXIV. *On* Gracchus.

GRacchus ſo often did repeat a *Lye*,
Paſt on with credit, from his very youth,
That now his conſcience has forborn to cry
Againſt it, and perſwades him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*, he has gain'd thereby,
He nowmay tell the ſame, and never lye.

CXV. *On* Phares. *A Phariſee*

THou ſay'ſt, It is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To uſe the *Poſture* of a *Meal*, to ſit;
Can thy Diſcretion, *Phares*, or thy zeal
Give *carnal geſtures* to a *ſpiritual Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleſhly *Heart*?
Thy *poſture* has diſcover'd *what thou art*.

CXVI. *On the ſame.*

YOu'l take it *ſitting*: Pray, and no man know it:
You'l do, and yet you will not ſeem to do it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*:
'Tis like your *Self*; you ſeem not what you be.

CXVII. *To*

CXVII. *To my Book.*

SO, Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breſt;
Thy *Teeth* grow ſharp, *my Babe*, it will be beſt
For both: Thy haſty *Nurſe* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*, ne'r whimper, he will make thee
A dainty golden Coat: Let it ſuffice thee,
Thou art mine ſtill, howere: Thy *Nurſe* will *prize* thee
For his own ſake, and thine; when thou art ſtrong,
And ſure of foot hee'l let thee ſport among
Thy *fellow-Children*, He will let thee ſee
The *World*, which thou hadſt never ſeen with me:
Thou mayſt do well, if *Fortune* ſtrike thee luck,
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didſt never ſuck
But one *Good-Friday*, and thou mayſt improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular love;
Thou haſt *ſix Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muſe*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Cæſar*, and in *Cæſar*'s Court;
Beſides an *Iſhmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this beſt *Realm*; if ere thou wander there,
They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leiſure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæſar*:
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knows
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of thoſe
Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after-Ages, to the utmoſt date
Of time, who knows? but we ſubſcribe to *Fate*:
Perchance thy fortune's to be bought and ſold,
Was not young *Joſeph* ſerv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
A ſtep to Honour, and a means t' advance

Thy

Thy higher fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To eaſe a *dearth*, if *dearth* ſhould ſtrike the Land:
But I trangreſs, *my Babe*; 'Tis time to part,
The *Lawes* of nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more, farewell, let *Heav'ns* high bleſſing ſhine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.

The End of the fourth and laſt Book.